WELLESLEY STORIES

GRACE LOUISE COOK

To my fiancée, a future
graduate of Wellesely College
From her fiancé
Tillon.

SHE VENTURED PAST REBECCA'S DOOR

WELLESLEY STORIES

BY

GRACE LOUISE COOK

REVISED EDITION

Illustrated and Enlarged

Drawings by I. B. Hazelton.

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PRESIDENT JEFFERSON

President Jefferson

DOWN slippery hillslopes, under crystal trees, and along converging snow paths toward Houghton Chapel trooped the hurrying students to morning prayers. Sunlight flashed on rosy faces without touching them to warmth, and shed upon the white meadow a blinding stream of light that rebounded to fill the air with brilliance. It was a morning to make one snuggle deep down into a collar and hide one's hands, stiff with the weight of books, in the folds of a golf cape. From the direction of the village came the coldest and noisiest girls, along the main avenue that fell through the blue shadows of a snow laden hemlock grove to the level of meadow and chapel.

They skipped and ran and shouted and rolled in the snow, and otherwise boisterously proclaimed themselves freshmen. Their tones indicated disagreement. Heads

and shoulders came quickly together in groups and as quickly separated to form other groups. Any upper class girl would have known they were campaigning. Behind the scurrying figures came the laggards in twos, or singly. And again the signs of the times might have been observed in the fact that Susan Marlowe and Lydia Fox were loitering in earnest conversation. They were not more than usually pleased each with the other; the frown between Susan's dark brows and the downward droop of Lydia's mouth were sufficient evidence that their animosity had not been entirely subdued. Sue tramped along with her shoulders squared and her handsome head turned a little away from her companion, whose face glowed with some internal heat. Lydia's arms were wildly flourishing and her red head was bobbing decisively.

"Whether you hate the rest of the class or not, you can't elect Margaret Lawrence if you try ten years. We won't have her. So you may just as well vote for Tom and save the wrangle."

"That's your way of looking at it," returned Sue Marlowe. "Mine's different. There are a hundred girls in the class who know Margaret Lawrence better than you do ——"

"Yes, and hate her more!"

Sue turned and glared; Lydia was not quelled. "It's true!" she stamped her foot, and flourished her arms again. "College girls always hate a snob."

"You mean plebeians hate an aristocrat."

Lydia Fox's eyes shot dazzlement upon the beholder. Her face grew white and red again. Neither she nor Sue, whose wrath had darkened her mobile face, heard the overtaking steps half smothered by snow. Margaret Lawrence's ally felt the need of retaliating by an attack on the opposing candidate.

"You've put up a heavy plebeian to run against her. And you give her a common man's name. *Tom* Jefferson! That's enough to defeat her."

"It's going to elect her!" burst forth the indignant plebeian. "Mary Jefferson

is the grandest girl in our class, or in college! And because she's too high bred to be a snob you call her a pleb. She's no such thing, and her name is Mary Tomasia Jefferson, and she shall be Tom Jefferson forever, like her old great grand uncle! And Tom Jefferson's going to be our president!"

Lydia's shrill voice was now clearly audible to the hurrying classmate behind. The words smote her, and drove the blood over her forehead. She walked on, alert for the reply.

"Tom Jefferson's a fat-faced politician, and she's wound you round her little finger," came the response."

The girl behind turned suddenly and fled into the Stone Hall drive. Sue had a sidelong glimpse at a retreating figure. She looked again and flushed painfully. Lydia turned in surprise.

"It's Tom, and she heard you!" she exclaimed fiercely.

"My darned temper again!" growled Sue. "You always make me so mad I can't see—you little—democrat!"

"Hurry up! They're closing the doors!" cried Lydia Fox, as she broke into a run.

Sue panted beside her on the chapel steps.

"You know I don't think those things about Mary," she said hastily. "Can't you set it right?"

"Do it yourself."

"But I don't know her. Nobody does. She's all right, only I don't want her for president."

"You've got to have her," whispered Lydia Fox, unappeased, as they entered the eastern transept.

The occupants of the freshman seats were impatient and abstracted during this particular Tuesday morning service. The sophomores in the opposite transept watched them suspiciously, for all signs pointed to a freshman election this week. The two upper classes in the nave were undisturbed by these alarms, and much more attentive to the service. They did not notice the excitement among the

freshmen, many of whom slipped through the east door while the upper classes were filing down the nave.

Before the nine o'clock bell brought sudden quiet and emptiness to the great corridors, the freshmen were seen in all parts of College Hall standing in bunches which mysteriously disintegrated at the approach of curious sophomores. Lydia Fox broke away from a group on the western staircase and hurried up to Mary Jefferson, who was tearing open a letter on her way from the postoffice.

"Hello, Foxie," was her greeting. "I want to talk to you after Math."

"Did you hear what we were saying?"

Mary Jefferson's fair face grew a shade paler.

"Yes, because I could n't help it, you know. That's what I want to talk about."

"Come up stairs and say it now. There's time before Math."

"All right. I guess there is time for all I've got to say."

They walked on to the palms, and up-

stairs to a sunny window seat at the third floor centre. Mary Jefferson's thin lips uttered no word until they were seated. Even then she found it hard to speak.

"I just wanted to tell you, Foxie," she began with forced evenness of tone, that I didn't like what you said to Sue Marlowe."

Lydia was taken aback.

"What *I* said? Why Tom, you didn't suppose it was *me* who made that nasty speech ——"

The blood leaped suddenly into Mary's face.

"I'm not talking about that," she went on. "What I mean is that I didn't like you to mention my name in connection with—with the elections."

"Well, I just guess I *will* mention it."

"No you won't, not if I ask you not to. Of course, Foxie, it's awfully kind of you, and all that, but I don't think one girl ought to bring up another's name just because they happen to be good friends."

"Well I haven't brought up your name any more than anybody else has!"

Mary smiled at her companion's impulsive outburst.

"If it's anybody else, it's just half a dozen of our own crowd in the village. We might put up any one of those girls as well as me. But you see I think this way. There's no sense wasting time talking about the girl you happen to know best. If we all did that there'd be a general blockade. We've just got to join forces for the girl who ought to be elected."

"Why, Tom Jefferson, you stupid old girl, that's exactly what —— well I suppose you're right." Lydia ended guardedly, "of course we've got to unite on somebody——"

There was a twinkle in her eye that gave Mary a new idea.

"Look, here, Foxie, I want you to drop all this."

"Well, you can want."

Foxie picked up her books and started for Room G. Mary was close beside her.

"If you don't drop it Foxie, I——I won't stand. There's no chance for me. It's silly."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes I do too. And you girls will only make it harder for me. I'll withdraw my name if it is proposed."

"Now, Tom, don't be a stubborn mule."

"I'm not. But I know Margaret Lawrence is the girl. Nobody has a chance against her. She's perfectly dandy, anyhow, and she's brainy and awfully swell. And the class president ought to be an all-round girl."

"That's right!" said Lydia, as the bell hurried them toward the dreaded mathematics. "And Margaret Lawrence is all angles. I won't have her for president and neither will the class."

Before they slipped into Room G, Mary caught Lydia's arm in her strong grasp.

"Foxie, you little spitfire don't you see how you're stirring up feeling? It's because—because you talk about this that Sue could say—what she did say this morning. Nobody who has such things said about her is fit to be president."

Mary's face was white with pain. She turned and went silently to her place, Lydia following with her thoughts in a snarl and advanced algebra a haze in the back regions of her mind.

All day Lydia's actions were consistent with her stormy mood. She was so cross that her friends alternately scolded and laughed at her.

"Hello, Reddy Fox," cried Hilda Morgan, as Lydia entered a roomful of classmates and fudge, early in the afternoon. "Don't look so glum! Your waving hair is like tongues of flame, and your eyes scorch the envious admirer."

Lydia silently fell over a heap of girls and cushions on the floor, and began beating a pillow in a corner.

"Let her alone!" said Laura Mason, the hostess. "That's the only thing to do with Foxie when she's in a temper."

"Well, if you had all heard Tom Jefferson talk to me —— Aw! She makes me so mad!"

Foxie's utterance broke down in rage. Again she was busy with the pillow.

"Says she won't stand if we put her up."

"She will, though."

"She won't either," said Hilda Morgan quickly. "If Tom says she won't, she won't."

"That's what makes me so mad! You can't do a thing with her. She said she'd withdraw her name if it came up in the meeting."

"Keep her out," cried one.

This idea was quickly accepted.

"But it's not so easy," said Laura Mason. "What's her objection anyhow?"

"Oh, she thinks nobody wants her and that she hasn't brains enough and——well she heard a dirt mean speech that somebody said this morning. It was Sue Marlowe, but she didn't mean it."

"Sue's an old thunderer anyhow. She never means anything she says when she's excited."

"Well, Tom thinks it's true, so she might as well have meant it," wailed Lydia.

"I'll tell you what," Hilda suggested, "we'll have the meeting tomorrow instead

of Thursday, and elect her before she knows it."

There was noisy delight at this.

"It will give us a chance to get in ahead of the Sophs, too. They think we're going to do it on Thursday, and they're laying plans for a blockade."

"But the meeting is called for Thursday," objected Laura.

"That's nothing," said Hilda. "I'll see the other girls on the committee, and we can pass the word around that the meeting is to be Wednesday afternoon because the Sophomores expect us Thursday."

"But Mary Jefferson will hear it as soon as anybody," said Laura, who always wet-blanketed a sudden proposal.

"The girls at her house must manage to stay with her this evening so nobody can announce it to her."

"Lydia will do that, and thank you for the privilege."

Lydia at that moment jumped into the middle of the room and madly waved her pillow. Then she began to laugh hysterically.

"Shut up, Foxie!" shouted Hilda. "You'll have the entire House Government Committee down here."

"I don't care. I'm going to do it!"

"Do what?"

"Oh, I'm going to do it. Won't she feel honored by my company! Girls, Tom told me yesterday that she's got to meet her brother in town tomorrow noon."

"Nothing funny about that."

"Well, I'll go to Boston, too, and I'll keep her there till five o'clock and then make her come up here——"

"I'll invite her to dinner," exclaimed Hilda."

"Then it's all fixed. And by the time I get her up here ——"

"She'll be elected. Hooray for President Thomas Jefferson!"

"Not so fast. And if you don't keep quiet I'll put you all out," remarked the hostess. "But what are you going to do if Mary doesn't want to stay in town?"

"I'll fix her. And now I'll go home and prepare my city costume. You'll spread the news tonight Hilda?"

Lydia's voice was gleeful and the red curls were bobbing about her mirthful eyes when she vanished from their midst.

The diversion of a luncheon in town with her brother brought consolation to Mary Jefferson's spirit. Before she started she had begun to blame herself for considering seriously the hot-tempered words of two girls who were never long on amicable terms, although Sue's loathsome epithet, "fat-faced politician," still hurt. Her face was not fat and the little influence she possessed had been given to Sue Marlowe's candidate whom she admired and envied for her personal power and her seeming indifference to the opinions of others. Mary Jefferson did care for the esteem of her comrades. She liked the girls in a hearty, general way, sometimes she had wished that they might find her attractive, for although she was conscious of a certain power over the impulses of those about her, she felt that her own lack of charm, of what she called brains, must make their attitude toward her an impersonal one.

Until this Tuesday she had never heard her own nane proposed against that of Margaret Lawrence. The sudden throb of joy which Lydia's impulsive admiration had raised ended in pain at Sue Marlowe's words. She might have known that only Lydia would think of such a thing, and Lydia's enthusiasm was only making her more and more misunderstood.

It was not a subject she could speak of. With her brother she ignored every possibility of unpleasantness in her story of college work and recreation. They talked athletics with absorbing interest until it was time for him to take the three o'clock train for New York. Reluctantly, but again in her normal good-natured mood, Mary left him and turned toward the shopping district to spend half an hour before starting for Wellesley, where she expected to be in time to prepare tomorrow's mathematics before dinner.

While she stood hesitating in the centre of Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s main aisle, she saw a clumsy, dowdy figure approaching

her with plain intent to speak. A lank arm tossed aside the heavy shawl that was crossed on the ample bosom, and a ragged black mitten, through which projected a finger, blue with the cold, was thrust toward Miss Jefferson.

"Indade, mum, 'tis glad Oi am to see the loikes of yez in this howlin' purrgathory, the Lord forgive me."

There was a twang about the voice that Mary thought she had heard before.

"Shure mum, if yez hadn't taken yez afternoon out like meself Oi'd never 'av found yez. An' 'tis hosies Oim afther buyin' meself. Mebbe ye can lade me to 'um."

"What is it you want?" questioned Miss Jefferson.

"Hosies, mum. And thim gals runnin' about are all shoutin' so loike the howly angels of hiven that they can't heark to loikes of me."

"You'd better ask the floor walker," suggested Miss Jefferson, nodding toward the man who stood with his hands behind him and glanced surreptitiously at the odd figure.

In an instant the Irishwoman was beside him.

"Mister feller walker," she began, "could yez respeckfully imforwin me where the hosies would be afther bein'?"

"Hose in the next aisle," replied the promenader, unperturbed.

The bob of the head was unmistakable, and the lock of red hair that escaped from the confines of the dingy woolen hood as that same wagging head turned toward Mary put her last doubt at rest.

"Foxie!" she exclaimed, grasping the ragged mitten, "What on earth does this mean?"

"An' shure what could ut mane, mum, but that it's meself that's gone barefoot trottin' over yer owne kitchen stairs."

The laughter of one or two customers nearby brought an angry gleam into Mary's eyes, as she followed the ridiculous beckoning finger round the corner. But her appreciation of Foxie's clever disguise and unfaltering impersonation soon dispelled her uneasiness and prompted her to accept the joke in a joking way.

At the counter where the Irish maid was displaying cheap articles of appalling size and color, Mary picked up a brilliant pair of plaid cashmere stockings.

"I should think you would like to get these," she ventured.

"Indade, mum, them's handsome as Saint Patrick himself. How much?"

"Eighty-nine cents," called a passing saleswoman.

"St. Patrick forgive me, mum, but would ye plaze to say how O'im to buy the loikes iv that till ye'v paid me last week's wages?"

Two or three anxious buyers turned to laugh at the bold speech and the evident discomfiture of the young mistress.

"That *is* too much to pay for stockings," she answered lamely, "but if you'll come over to that bargain counter, Bridget, and take your choice you may have what you want."

Bridget tossed and sniffed at the mention of bargains, but she went with alacrity and selected two hideous pairs of stockings for which the mistress heroically paid.

Mary now realized that she could not get the early train to Wellesley. The algebra must wait till evening. And meantime Bridget's importunities led her from shop to shop, where she must buy all the ugly things the maid demanded, and laugh internallly till her eyes watered. Lydia never forgot her role. She was never noisy, but she was persistent, and so irresistibly droll that she could not fail to attract attention. Mary devoutly hoped they need not go far from Washington Street, but her hope was dissipated when Bridget, with her sham-draped arms now folded across numerous bundles, made an unexpected dash into West Street.

"They do soi, mum, that there's a nate little candy shtore up around the corner. Me neice towld me the' was iligant dhrinks there on a cowld day."

"I never heard of it," lied Mary frankly.

"Indade, ye must 'av mum, beggin' yez pardon, for as Oi was sayin', me niece saw yez un the little shtore a drinkin' out of a choiny cup. Hoiler's they do be afther

callin' it, mum, because the prices is hoigh."

They were rapidly approaching Tremont Street.

"Oh yes, of course I know that place. How would you like to have a drink, Bridget?"

Mary was ready to make a virtue of necessity.

"Shure, mum, 'tis bitther cowld on the wicked street, an' if it's that ye wants to go in to the drinkin' place to warm yez, O'im not fer kapin' yez out."

They entered Huyler's soberly, rejoicing that the people who stared would never see Bridget again. She, unmoved, drank her hot chocolate at a gulp, and waited in wondering silence while her mistress sipped hers. They were an odd pair, and unmistakably friendly. Indeed, the mistress was now in a gale of laughter most of the time, and the maid's grimaces became momentarily broader and more conspicuously voluntary. As they hurried through the cold twilight to the station, the Irish waddle was never far behind the firm tread of the tall, broad

shouldered young woman whose smiling face gleamed over her shoulder beneath the electric light, as she tried to catch the voluble brogue poured forth from behind.

Bridget seemed unaccountably anxious not to lose the 4.50 train. She reminded her mistress that the 5.30 would make her late to the dinner party up at the college.

Mary had quite forgotten her dinner engagement with Hilda Morgan, and was not sorry to be reminded of it, for when they reached Wellesley there would be little more than time to go racing over the hills in one of the many bumping crowded sleighs all trying to arrive first at College Hall. To her surprise, Lydia clambered into a small open sleigh beside her, and hurried the driver off before any less successful adventurers could climb into their laps.

"Are you going up to college, too? And in that rig?" demanded Mary, as Lydia gave the order.

For the first time Foxie's natural voice answered her.

"I just guess I'm not going to waste all

this fun on you. Laura Mason asked me to dinner, and besides—"

"But you'll disgrace yourself and the whole freshmen class."

"Well, then, I'll borrow a dinner gown for your special glorification, if you're ashamed of me."

Lydia flounced around in her place, and began gathering up the bundles that continually fell from her arms and lap. She was perfectly quiet as they entered the grounds. Only the sleighbells chimed response to Mary's infrequent sentences.

Before they reached the last turn in the road, the sound of distant cheering came across the snow. Lydia sprang forward.

"Hurry! Hurry up, can't you?" she called to the driver, who was already galloping his horses up the hill. "Listen! Can you hear what they're saying, Tom?"

"I wonder what's up," returned Tom, without emotion. "Some sophomore noise, probably."

"No! Don't you hear the yell? It's our girls!"

Before she could clearly distinguish the name she was excitedly hoping to hear, certain listeners by the windows had caught the tinkle of the bells. The door was flung open, and a flood of light and tumultuous sound swept out upon them as the sleigh stopped under the old *porte cochere*. A mad throng was surging to the doorway. Before they got nearer Lydia had flung one arm about Mary's neck, and was madly flourishing the other in midair.

"Don't you hear? Don't you hear, Tom? They're calling for you! You're president!"

She began to sob hysterically, but nobody heard her, not even Mary Tomasia, for a wild, full, rhythmic chorus was chanting that which made her heart bound suddenly and stand still.

"*Jefferson!* JEFFERSON! JEFFERSON!
Jefferson! JEFFERSON! JEFFERSON!
"Rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, roo!
Wellesley, Wellesley, nine-teen-two!
Jefferson! JEFFERSON! JEFFERSON!"

There was no end to it. She could not

utter a word. Nobody wanted her to. Nobody allowed her to speak, for while the persistent shouting beat upon the air, a mass of screaming, tumbling forms pulled her from the sleigh, and bore her triumphantly upon some half-dozen proud shoulders into the heat and light and noise. At sight of her white face poised above the throng, there was a mad new volume in the hoarse chant, and a scrambling rush of everybody in the great building to the centre galleries. From second and third floor galleries came the complimentary cheers of the other classes. And at last the seniors, with hearty memories of their own freshmen days, gave forth the class cry from above the palms.

"*Ninety*-nine! *ninety*-nine! *Wellesley!*" they ended, with practised accord, and then came the added call, from cordial smiling faces, "*Jefferson!* JEFFERSON! JEFFERSON!"

Mary gulped, and her white face crimsoned for the first time. But she knew now what to do.

"For '99, girls!" she shouted, holding her arm above her head. "Now!"

The arm swooped down, and the lusty, deafening yell such as only freshmen can give, was repeated furiously, with a mingled ending of "Jefferson!" from the outskirts, and "99!" from the centre of the mass that made the galleries resound with laughter and handclapping.

Then the crowd opened and Tom Jefferson was set upon her feet, to confront the sophomore president advancing slowly with a formidable mahogany gavel, brand new and silver mounted, in her hand. There was a sudden hush while she made the formal congratulatory speech with which she presented the traditional gift of the sophomore class, and then, while President Jefferson was making a confused response, the sophomores broke forth into a most unmaidenly yelp of pride, congratulation, and derision. They could not so soon forgive these difficult freshmen the bold trick by which they had evaded sophomoric schemes of siege and bombardment during the most important freshman class meeting of the year.

The sophomore president melted into the crowd, and Mary Tomasia Jefferson, with the gavel held uncertainly in her left hand, was looking with humid eyes into the face of the black robed senior president, who grasped her hand, and then transferred from her own arm to that of the freshman president her burden of heavy Mermet roses. She spoke but a single sentence — the right one, and it made the new officer's lips tremble so she could not reply. The junior president followed, with three great purple fleur-de-lis, forced for the occasion. Then her class closed round her again, those who were too far away to seize her hand or arm or shoulder, pelting her with violets and carnations. At last, hoarse and hungry, they allowed her to be borne upstairs to Hilda's room, which soon filled with the privileged bearers of flowers and furs and hat that the president had left behind her. They all tried to be very calm while Tom Jefferson with fingers that trembled visibly, was making herself ready to appear in the great dining room as the leader of the

finest class in college. She felt very insignificant and at the same time proud, with a new pride in herself and her class. She walked down the long dining hall with a perfectly assumed calm that made the faces of others than her classmates shine with genuine admiration. And behind, with Laura Mason, came Lydia Fox, transformed by a borrowed gown into a coquettish child with bobbing curls, although the eyes were a little teary, and the face so serious that not a dimple appeared.

In the dining room there was no demonstration, but all through the evening the surging excitement swept college and town. The new president must be escorted to the village boarding house, which had been hastily filled with flowers in honor of the home coming. Over the mile of moonlit snow the hurrying feet must keep time to the rhythm of song and cheer. It was late when President Jefferson closed the door upon the last freshman who said good night.

Like many of her classmates that night,

Mary was ready for bed before she remembered the algebra lesson unprepared. She threw on her dressing gown and tried to study, but she saw only the flushed, eager faces of her friends, and instead of mathematical formulæ she heard her own name tossed frantically back and forth.

Her full heart shook with loyal purpose, and then with sudden fear lest the girls had mistaken her. She was not like Margaret Lawrence. Poor Margaret! She had not thought of her before. She must be sorry and disappointed. And Margaret was so handsome, so clever, so confident! Yet the girls had preferred her. If they had known how hard she had to struggle over every lesson for every day they would not have honored her. She began to wonder whether they had done right, and how soon they would regret their action. And then she remembered that there must have been many who did not want her. None knew better than she how many in the class had worked for Margaret Lawrence. Perhaps they all believed what Sue Marlowe had

said—that she had been working slyly for her own election.

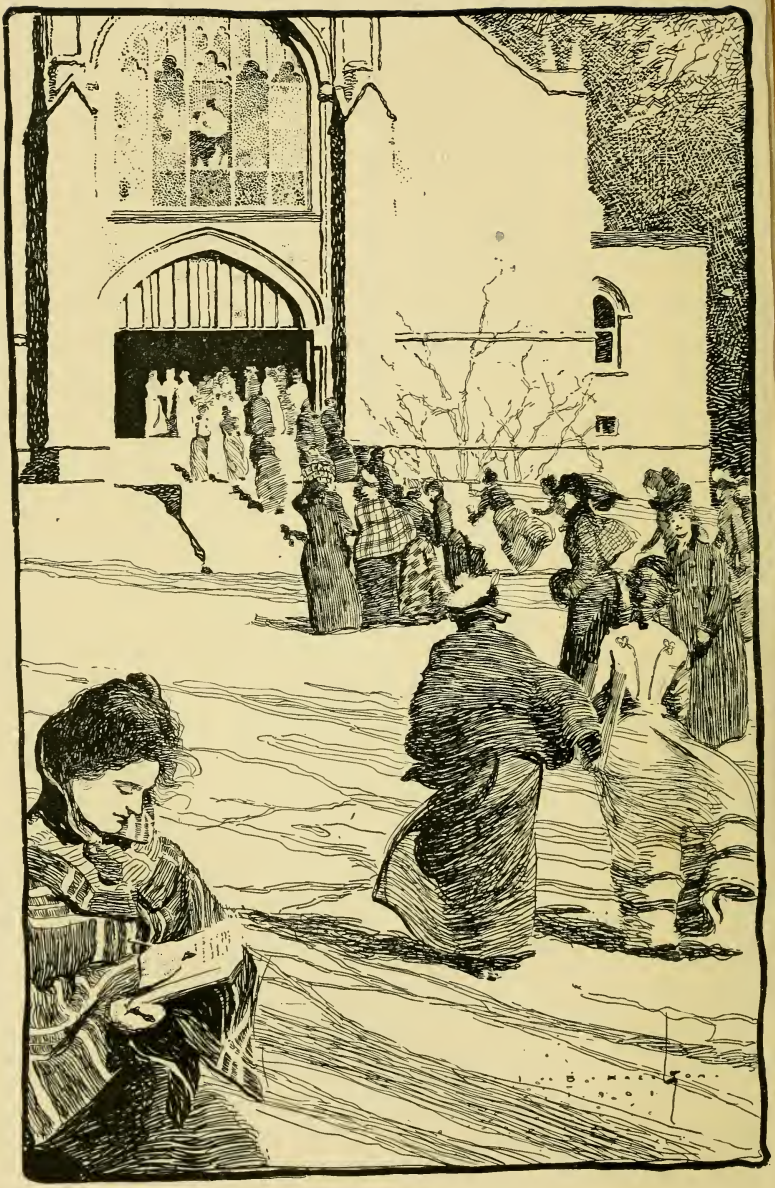
Thoughts like these were disastrous for a class officer with a reputation to make, but they would not be banished until after the Honorable Thomas Jefferson had tumbled heavily into bed. She was asleep earlier than most of her classmates. Those who were exulting in victory were celebrating late into the night, while the disappointed friends of the defeated candidate gathered in dark rooms for heated denunciation of the political methods employed by the victors. Margaret Lawrence, pale, self-contained, always mistress of herself, was trying to check the impotent rage of her blundering ally and room-mate, Sue Marlowe. Yet for Margaret the unperturbed, more than for any other member of the class, perhaps, that night was confused, and wild with strange disappointment and stinging self-reproach. She had wanted the office; she had not expected failure; she could not see why Mary Jefferson had been chosen in her place; she felt

that it would have been wiser to withdraw her name than to suffer the humiliation of unexpected defeat.

After chapel the next morning all differences of opinion and degrees of zeal were again lost in the class spirit of jubilation, when the other students renewed their congratulatory cheering. After a deafening hurly-burly of noise that almost drowned the imperative stroke of the nine-o'clock bell, President Tom Jefferson was carried up three flights of stairs on the wavering shoulders of proud classmates, and was thrust, by her dishevelled bearers five minutes late into the silent recitation room. The mathematics instructor was too experienced to remark upon the flushed faces of her panting students. She turned to the board and continued writing question number three.

"Those who have just come in may take paper and pencil and prepare for a written lesson," she said, in even tones.

She knew what the gasp meant, and she understood the flood of color that surged



MORNING PRAYERS

and receded in the face of the freshman president. She was sorry that she was obeying orders, and carrying out a program arranged weeks before by her department.

When the ordeal was over they tried to laugh it off. Who cared for a single review, anyhow? And the pleasure of electing the right girl was worth a flunk. But the right girl, meanwhile, went about with white, unsmiling lips. The president, at least, ought not to fail; she should be strong enough to bear the combination of election and written review with equanimity. Mary knew Margaret Lawrence could have done it.

According to established custom the result of the written lesson would remain unknown unless individual inquiries were made. President Jefferson did not hesitate to ask, and she did not quake at the answer for she knew what it would be.

"But the report does not go in till the end of the term," added the instructor, less unkind than formal, "and you will not be

officially informed of your failure till June. It is not a heavy condition, and if your daily work had been a little stronger you would have passed."

The sting of that "if" drove an expression of final and unwavering determination into the face of the freshman president. She posted a notice of a class meeting for the following day, and then explained to Lydia and the girls in her own house what she intended to do. They coaxed, and scolded, and wept, without result. Mary made them promise to keep her secret.

She conducted the preliminary business of the meeting—it was her second one—with perfect self-confidence. Her familiarity with parliamentary order astonished the girls, unaccustomed, as yet, to the strict ruling of college organizations; but more than that, the force of her personality, the undeviating directness of her judgment, and a strange new poise and purpose in her manner, dominated the minds of her admiring subjects.

When the ostensible business was at an

end, the gavel brought a sudden hush upon the disorderly demands for adjournment.

"Girls," said the president, with a vibrant tone that sent a queer thrill to every heart in the room. "I have never thanked you for choosing me to act as president of 1902. It made me very glad and very proud; and I only wish I could be a really good president. But a president, you know, ought to be an all-round girl; and first of all she ought to have brains.

"I have called this meeting to tell you that—that I have incurred a condition since you elected me. I haven't the brains, you see, to be a good president. Of course we all want the best girl for 1902's president. I therefore resign the office to which you have elected me. I will ask the vice-president to take the chair."

Before the astonished girls could let loose their resentment the president had walked out of the room.

"Of course we won't accept it," shouted a dozen voices. And they didn't. Miss Jefferson was asked to reconsider her

resignation. It was all their fault, they told her, for they had not given her a chance to study that day. But Mary said that the class president ought to be able to manage her work and be president too.

"But you can do it!" her friends said. "You didn't know you were going to be president. Come back and show that you can do it."

"Not while I have a condition," returned Tom, steadily.

She did not yield. Sue Marlowe, in her big-hearted fashion, came and told Tom Jefferson what she thought of her, and blurted out her repentance for thoughtless electioneering speeches. Margaret Lawrence came, a little awkwardly, and with a touch of the grand air, to congratulate her on her pluck. Foxie was angry and unforgiving. She thought Tom was silly to make a great row over a little failure such as almost everybody in their division, except Margaret Lawrence, had made at the same time.

Mary expected them to elect Margaret in

her place. It was natural that Margaret should expect it, too. The class that had already shown its preference for a girl of more democratic ideas, however, was not ready to turn its course. The little vice-president whom everybody liked fairly well, and who had conducted the necessary meetings satisfactorily, was unanimously elected, much to her own surprise and to the bewilderment of the Lawrence faction. So it came to be Polly Smith who led the Tree Day procession for the biggest and finest of freshmen classes; but Polly Smith knew, without a shadow of resentment, that she was not the leader. Every girl in the class knew that the one girl who could lead them and hold them together, and represent them, was the girl who had been honorable enough to throw up her leadership. As they watched her work through that year and the next, they came to see that she had been right. And when she had proved, as they knew she must, that she could do what she had said a president ought to do, they forced their real leader into her proper position.

"Girls, you're awfully good to me—and I'll try to be good to you," was all she said when, in the spring term of their junior year, they made her senior president.

There was no question about it now. She had held her work strongly above defeat, and she had calmly believed in her class through all sorts of storms. They knew one another now, these rollicking juniors; they had quarrelled, they had spitefully hurt one another, they had almost hated one another two years before; but they had forgiven much, and forgotten more, and Tom Jefferson was the girl who had made them remember their unity while they disagreed. They never told her what they thought of her, and they found fault with her very frankly; yet she understood the tribute of their vote. They could see the mist shining in her eyes while they applauded. Even Margaret Lawrence, bending from her fine hauteur, was genuinely pleased at this election of her ancient rival, and Sue Marlowe, while she hugged Margaret with one arm, as a sign of her

persistent choice as presidents, pounded a chair with the other, in token of her satisfaction with the new incumbent of the official chair.

They were all more deeply touched by one spirit than they had ever been before, although they had made noisier demonstration. And when the girl they had chosen led them out upon the campus to their class tree, there were a hundred and fifty very husky voices that cheered for President Jefferson.

THE TRIAL OF PROFESSOR LAMONT

Professor Lamont

"SMILING Brook sha'nt come! She has no right to burn forensics with us."

"There's no danger, Martha. She will not care to come. We are not her class," responded the junior president in her customary unworried tone. She dropped lazily under a tree on the bank above the Longfellow fountain, and pulled a grass, which she began to munch with apparent satisfaction. Her two companions regarded her with some uneasiness.

"We ought to do something!" announced Naomi Hathaway strenuously. "Of course she won't know the password, but she's thick with some of the girls in our class, you know. They might smuggle her in."

The president's face showed a half smile. She herself was as thick as anybody with Miss Brook.

"They won't do that," she said. "She will wait for her class."

"As if she cared for a class!" put in Martha. "She's more like a P. G. than a sophomore, anyhow. I don't think any sophomores ought to take required Junior English, do you, Naomi?"

"Oh, let the English department settle that," replied Naomi, who, as vice-president, felt the need of settling everything herself. "Professor Lamont generally knows what to do with a clever girl."

"She may be clever, but she is cold as the moon. And I wish somebody would tell her not to go around with that eternal freezing smile on her face."

"Katharine Brook is all right!" said the president, with a gleam of that latent energy which had made her the most powerful girl in her class. "I like her a lot. And just because she is clever and indifferent, she will not pay much attention to the junior forensic burning."

Martha was not convinced.

"You can't tell what she'll do. It would

be just like her to wrap herself up in a sheet and go and see what idiots we could make of ourselves."

"All right, I'll call and ask her what she means to do," said the president, still unperturbed, as she nodded in the direction of a tall figure sauntering along the board walk from the wooden steps that straggled down the College hill.

"Don't, Laura. Don't do it!"

"Why not? Hello, Katharine! Come and ruminate a while, won't you? Is the 3.20 over?"

Smiling Brook stopped at the call, then moved across the grass toward the waiting group. The three juniors regarded her critically. She was so tall and slender that but for her poise and ease of movement she might have been called lank. A few admirers said that her wavy bright hair was like spun gold; those who did not admire her said it was red. It was really copper colored, but persons who called it red were in the majority at college. Her skirt braid was intact and her plain gar-

ments had been constructed and were worn with some grace of line. "Her clothes fit her in the back," Martha Smith had grudgingly allowed.

"I couldn't hear your questions," she said, as she drew nearer, "but I suppose you asked whether the 3.20 is over?"

"Of course," responded Laura. "Have a chair."

"Thanks, I prefer a couch, if you don't mind." She threw herself on the ground, and rested her head on her hand. Then she looked into their three faces and smiled the smile that had won her fame. Her scarlet lips would turn up at the corners, and when she was amused, which was apparently most of the time, they parted and showed gleams of gold in uneven white teeth that gave queer lights and shadows to the small mouth. The effect was a sudden brilliance that combined oddly with the steady and sometimes merciless look of the gray eyes, whose unbroken reserve made the smile seem supercilious.

"Now, why do you laugh?" questioned Naomi, undaunted. Her own brown eyes were snapping with suppressed eagerness and anxiety.

"Because Miss Smith doesn't know what to make of me. Do you, Miss Smith? You are wondering how I knew the question was about the 3.20 period."

"Yes, I am," said Martha. "How did you?"

"That was easy. Everybody always hails you with a question of time as an excuse."

"There is pain in being classed with everybody," pensively remarked the junior president.

"Well, Laura, tell me what you wanted. Your real question will no doubt be unique enough."

Miss Brook turned to Laura Connelly with frank good nature. She respected the president's personal power and unconscious cleverness, and she liked to watch the elusive expression of the strong, pale, rather heavy features, with the roll of straight hair above the forehead.

"We were talking about forensic burning," came the answer.

"Oh yes, Tree Day—tomorrow night. I had forgotten. But that's not a question."

"We were wondering whether you would care to go. Will you go along with us?"

The president still munched her grass stalk, but her Irish eyes were full of laughter. Martha drew a quick breath, not, however, before Katharine Brook had glanced at the three faces before her. Her smile became almost a grin.

"No, thank you. The Junior Class is very kind, to an interloper. But—it's not my class, you know."

"Of course I thought you would feel that way, but we'd like to have you with us, wouldn't we girls?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed the vice-president, somewhat ashamed of her inhospitality. "You seem like one of us, you know."

The provoking smile became a little incredulous, but Katharine's refusal was so unshaken that Martha ventured to ask:

"Why don't you want to go, Miss Brook?"

"Would you want to go with any but your own class?" asked Miss Brook, as she rose to her feet. And now she was laughing aloud. She seemed to find Martha's question very witty. She threw her head back and laughed again.

"Well, if that is all you wanted, Laura, I'll go on. Thank you for your invitation. I appreciate it. See! The 3.20 is over. I had forgotten to answer your first question, but here comes the crowd to speak for itself."

"Am I the crowd? And what do you wish me to say for myself?" asked an unexpected voice behind her.

Before Miss Brook could answer, Laura Connelley had risen and stepped forward.

"Miss Lamont is a host in herself, but never a crowd," she said, with an air of bold gallantry and complete self effacement which only she could assume.

Professor Lamont smiled indulgently. Her smile was almost as pervasive as Miss

Brook's, but it gave rise to less comment, because it did not contradict the kindly look in the eyes. It was a smile sometimes deprecatory, more often sympathetic and benign.

"I hoped this crowd would contain you," said Miss Brook. She faced the newcomer with a softened glance that made Martha Smith wonder whether Smiling Brook could be kind and gentle after all. Her well known friendship with Miss Lamont was already modifying Miss Brook's reputation for heartlessness.

"I came out the south door and down the hill path to avoid my friends in the crowd, but this group was so attractive that my unsocial mood was dissipated. I confess I'm curious to know what you were laughing and talking about."

"It's a profound secret," said Katharine Brook.

"A Tree-Day secret? It can't be, with two classes represented in the conversation."

"The Professor of English scents game,"

said Laura Connelley. "We were speaking of English 3."

"How uninteresting! Can't you think of anything more entertaining than that trite subject?"

"But this is about forensic burning, Miss Lamont!" exclaimed the hitherto silent Martha.

"Then there is a real mystery! Tell me about it, please."

The absurdity of this demand was as clear to the head of the English department as to Martha herself.

"We were just completing arrangements for tomorrow night," explained the vice-president.

"We've been urging Katharine to go," said Laura, "and she utterly scorns us."

"Urging Miss Brook to go where?" asked Miss Lamont. She knew no persuasion could force the revelation of this class secret.

"To the burning."

"They wanted me to burn my excellent forensics. And of course I haven't the

heart to do that," exclaimed Katharine, with comical irony.

"But how had you the heart to refuse such an invitation?" sighed Miss Lamont.

"If only the Professor of English had been required to take forensics this year, the Juniors could extend the invitation to her," said the president.

"She has been required to read a great many," was the rejoinder, in long-suffering tone.

"We'll tell you all about it when it's over, Miss Lamont."

"Shall we go home, Miss Brook? These shameless juniors want to continue their evil plotting. I hope you will not leave a forensic unburned," continued Professor Lamont, as she moved away. "And I am deeply grieved that my greatest ambition is not to be realized tomorrow night."

"The misfortune is ours," responded the junior president gravely.

"They are alike, aren't they?" said Naomi, as she watched the two slender figures and the two fair heads pass under the

dappling shadows. "They are exactly the same height, and the same color; and if they walked alike and dressed alike, you couldn't tell them apart at a distance. It's queer they're such good friends."

"It would be queerer if they weren't," said Laura.

"They may look alike," growled Martha, "but Miss Lamont couldn't make a snide remark to save her life. She's a lady! Did you hear how she squelched me?"

"Miss Lamont?"

"No, Smiling Brook. What did you ask her for, Laura? She'll take you up some day. I had cold shivers before she answered. Do you suppose she really cares for her bloomin' old forensics?"

"Less than you care for yours, Mat. And I invited her because it was the courteous thing to do. I knew she'd know you didn't want her. Come along, it's time for class meeting."

"What are we going to do?"

"Learn the dirge," said Naomi, "I've got it in my pocket."

Notwithstanding the weariness of weeks of preparation and the excitement of the dazzling pageantry of a long afternoon, nobody ever seemed to be completely exhausted by the Tree Day exercises. On the night of the most famous of all burnings, the seniors, sublimely unmindful of the affairs of lesser classes, walked cheerfully off through the increasing drizzle to do their last serenading as undergraduates. They would not come home till morning. The freshmen, a big and boisterous throng, proud in the unrivalled success of their Tree Day performance, were dashing about the grounds, airing their lusty new yell with a merciless iteration. The sophomores, themselves the victims of a freshmen plot earlier in the day, were lying in wait for the juniors in the fearsome shadows of the west woods where the knowing ones had decided the burners of forensics would attempt to carry out their mysterious program. And the juniors were at this moment putting forth from all parts of the lake shore, and rowing with muffled oars

through the low hanging white mist to the place where the middle of the lake ought to be. They had successfully evaded the blockading enemy. Once fairly enveloped in the mist, each girl in every one of some fifty boats further enshrouded herself in a sheet and mask prepared for the occasion. Then the boats moved silently onward, headed now for a pale, glimmering light known to be a signal from the official boat. Practiced rowers massed the boats in good order round a small, open space, in the midst of which rested the skiff containing the president and speakers of the evening.

"*O tempora, O mores!*" sounded in hollow tone, as Laura Connelley slowly balanced herself to a standing position and removed her mask.

"Fellow mourners," she continued with extreme gravity "We are convened to perform obsequies over the despised mortal remains of our immortal efforts. The deceased is called away in the strength of a robust youth. Notwithstanding the high hopes which were entertained of him, dire

portents and loud-voiced lamentations attended his birth. His natural vigor was crushed by the immediate condemnation from which his sensitive nature could not rally. The story of his cruel death at the hands of a stony hearted department official whom I need not mention (*groans from the audience*), is too recent and too grievous to bear repetition. The deceased has entered upon a long rest. *Requiescat in pace.* Naomi Hathaway, closest companion of the deceased through his short life of agony, will deliver the farewell address to the dear departed. When she says, '*O tempora, O mores,*' soak your forensics in alcohol and put them on the wooden floats. When she gives the password, '*ignis fatuus,*' set your floats on the water and light them. Now, "*pax vobiscum, tibique spiritu forensis.*"

Sounds of wailing greeted this announcement, and the hand clapping that started spontaneously at sight of Naomi's stout figure entwined in a large sheet, was speedily quelled. The light from the one torch

flickered across her face and threw malicious glints into the eyes that would dance in spite of the serious mouth and determined chin.

She spoke at length of her own intimacy with the deceased, of the weary hours she had spent in his company, of her fruitless efforts to reinvigorate him. And the only response she ever elicited was "creditable work: rewrite." Her own experience, she ventured to hope, had been less unhappy than that of certain friends (a few were mercilessly named) who were known to have received no credit for their stupendous efforts. But she exonerated the dear departed from all blame. The responsibility for his inefficiency and for the misery of his intimate associates rested upon the learned argumentators who had been the cause of this untimely death. She then proceeded to "say things" about the various members of the English department which made her classmates gasp, even while they appreciated her fine insincerity of tone. They were glad Miss Lamont was

not there, and they hoped she would never know that it was possible to say such things, even in fun. Another minute, and Naomi was glibly apostrophizing the deceased in a piteous jargon of unintelligible Latin interspersed with less intelligible English. Gurgles of laughter were hushed, and every one waited expectantly. Finally, "*O tempora, O mores!*" raved the speaker, and then relapsed again into jargon while there was an excited uncorking of pint bottles. The white figures held lighted torches over the boat rails and waited. "*Ignis Fatuus!*" ended the speaker in a loud voice. Nobody knew what the connection was, but everybody let fall a small wooden float on the water and touched a torch to something thereon. The wet papers glimmered and flared, and in an instant a hundred and fifty little fires sputtered under the mist. The boats backed away from the circle in silence. It was rather solemn after all, to watch the incineration of pages and pages of labored writing which was all that ever resulted from the thirty-five, or fifty, or seventy

hours of hard reading and thinking on some such question as "Are Arctic Explorations Justifiable?" or "Should Mathematics be required of College Freshmen?" They burned hard, those ink bespattered sheets; they needed extravagant drenchings in alcohol; many of them curled dismally and fell over into the lake. Long white arms fished them up and silently threw them back upon their pyres. One of the great ceremonies of the four years was almost ended. No one there would ever see another burning. The care-free spirits under the white draperies would be jolly juniors only two weeks longer. Then the dirge broke forth in long, wailing cadence that hovered like the mist over the black water. A Latin dirge, it was, written for the first burning by the honored Professor of Latin, and guarded in mysterious silence for a year by each senior class, until it should be formally bequeathed during Tree Day week, to the waiting juniors. They groaned it forth tonight—the chant they had heard before, but had never been permitted to

sing. The boats came together again, the wail ended, and the wag of the class stood up to deliver the last will and testament of the deceased, which consisted mainly in pitiless grinds delightedly applauded by the victims. Then the torches were dashed out, and the white shrouds leaned to drive the scattering boats through the white mist. Nearer shore the air was a little clearer. Dim flying shapes were hailed and identified by friendly voices.

"Boat, ahoy!" called Martha Smith's voice.

"Ahoy!" responded a shape in the nearest boat. That was all. The boat passed on. Martha pulled a quick stroke or two and hailed again.

"You're not very lively. Who are you?"

"Hush, Mat! The sophs will hear us."

"Well, what if they do, now! I know your voice; you're Sue Barrows."

"Anything remarkable about that?"

"No, only Fan said it wasn't you."

"Fan Dolliver?"

"Yes, I'm here," responded Martha's com-

panion. "Who else have you got there?"

"Guess!" cried a voice from the oars, and the boat pulled away again.

"Mary Clark, of course!" called Martha. "You can tell that stroke."

"Wonder who's in the stern?" said Fan Dolliver.

"Ask 'em," replied Martha, as she came up alongside again with some difficulty, for Mary Clark was doing good work.

"Who's your third passenger?"

"Guess again!" cried Mary Clark. She twisted the boat suddenly at a right angle and started for the Tupelo shore. Martha was immediately after her.

"Hail some more!" she muttered to her boat-mate.

"Boat ahoy! ahoy!" cried Fan to two whose path they were now crossing. "Cut off that boat ahead! A capture!"

Before Mary Clark could turn again toward the shore, Martha had headed her off. Mary dropped her oars.

"What do you want of me, anyhow?" she exclaimed. "We're all friends, here."

"Just wanted to inquire for your health," said Martha. "Hope you're well."

"And your silent passenger in the stern," continued Fan Dolliver, "does she enjoy good health?"

"Better take the stern, Martha, while I hold the bow," called a voice from the nearest pursuing boat. "What's the row, anyhow?"

"Don't know yet."

"Try the password!"

"Oh, don't try to stagger us. We're all right. You know us," said Sue Barrows.

The password was given and returned in low tones. Mary Clark laughed. "Now go away and stop playing with us, you idiots!" she said.

"Pull off your masks and we will," said Fan Dolliver.

"You could n't see us if we did. I can't see your faces," said Mary, and she took up her oars.

"You're bluffing! And those oars won't do you any good," growled Martha. She had dexterously backed Fan Dolliver into

the stern of the forbidden boat, which was already made fast at the bow to the third boat.

Fan leaned toward the still figure close beside her.

"What's your name, little girl?" she asked, and reached forward to pull the mask down. Instantly a sheet entwined hand snatched the mask and held it firmly in place. No word was spoken.

"Take them ashore!" called someone from the boat ahead. "Turn her about, and back her in, Mat!"

Martha swiftly obeyed, and soon had the narrow stern of the unknown boat crunching the sandy beach, where a group of sheeted figures had already assembled and were lighting their torches. Mary Clark and Sue Barrows got out, and stood their ground manfully.

"No use trying to run," they said to their companion.

Martha and Fan took the motionless form by the elbows.

"Stand up!"

The apparition stood to a great height.

"Step out!"

It stepped out, delicately.

"Take off your mask! Bring torches, girls!"

The apparition remained motionless, clutching its mask. Martha went a step nearer, and the figure suddenly bolted for the boat house. The capture was accomplished in three seconds.

"Where's Laura Connelley?" called some one.

"Hasn't come in yet," was the answer.

"Take off its mask!" shouted several voices.

Fan Dolliver threw her arms around the figure from behind, and pinned the arms in place.

"Don't hurt her!" cried Mary Clark. "You'll be sorry if you touch her!"

Fan let go her hold wondering.

"I'm going to take off your mask," said Martha.

Instantly a corner of the sheet went over the head, exposing, as it did so, a small

white hand and wrist. The figure crouched helplessly. A lock of reddish hair gleamed on the white sheet under the torches.

"It's Katherine Brook!" exclaimed Martha exultantly, "I knew it!" She tried to wrench the sheet away.

"It is not!" exclaimed Sue Barrows.

"Shut up, Sue!" said Mary Clark. The two captive juniors wriggled uneasily on the beach, where they had been seated in their bedraggled sheets, with a heavy classmate in the lap of each.

In the very brief struggle that ensued, the prisoner, either in pretence or genuine exhaustion, sank to the ground.

"Mercy!" she said faintly, and at the slight word Martha Smith bounded back aghast, and gazed upon her foe. The flaring torches showed a heap of smeared sheet, a mask very much awry, and an uplifted white hand.

"I yield on condition that you search me no further," said a tired, familiar voice, and the white hand drew off the mask.

Clamorous girls rushed forward, but

Martha Smith vanished into the night and the friendly fog.

"Miss Lamont! It's Miss Lamont!"

But the white hand still waved them away. White drapery fell over the tumbled hair, and threw deep shadows across the face.

"Miss Lamont!" exclaimed Laura Connelley's voice, in a tone of thrilled surprise. She stepped past the eager group and stood before the prisoner. Then the junior president bowed in her own inimitable way, and held out her hand. The prisoner stepped forward and took the hand.

"I am glad you did not wait for an invitation," said Laura politely.

"Will you escort me home, Madame President?"

"Miss Lamont does me too much honor," returned Laura. Her voice shook with laughter, albeit she was exceeding angry. She removed her white robe, and offered her arm to the prisoner.

"Naomi!" she cried. "Girls, tell Naomi Hathaway to lead the procession, and start

it up right away. And I guess we'll keep this quiet," she added.

The juniors watched the two figures, black and white, until they melted into the mist.

"I didn't suppose Miss Lamont would do it!" said one. "I shall never like her any more."

"Well, I shall like her better than ever. She showed her pluck."

"How do you know it was Miss Lamont? You couldn't see her face."

"You could hear her voice, though. That sad, hollow voice was unmistakable."

"Look here, Mary Clark, you and Sue Barrows better take off your sheets and go home. Shall they march in the procession, girls?"

"No, take 'em home!" came the answer in chorus.

"Hello, Naomi, come along and appoint somebody to take the traitors home!"

"Oh, we'll go home straight enough you needn't worry," exclaimed Sue rather sulkily.

"Who caught them?" panted the vice-president. "Let Fan Dolliver go. O, girls, what in the world shall I do?" continued Naomi. She stood before them, breathless, bareheaded, shaking the moisture from the tight brown curls that hung in her eyes, and tugging at the sheet she dragged behind her. "She must have heard every word I said! I can never speak to Miss Lamont again!"

"Oh, she'll take it all right. She expected worse things, perhaps, and she's got sense enough to understand."

"But she's so lovely! I just adore her, you know."

"Yes, we know," laughed a comrade. "It's all right about you, Naomi. Come along and lead the procession. Laura said you must. She's gone with Miss Lamont. Here's your sheet. Put it on her, girls."

'Everybody mask!" called Naomi, quick to enter into the spirit of leadership. "And keep quiet. Light your torches and fall in. The whole college must be waiting for us."

Three minutes later the annual procession of ghostly forms was passing in single file round and round College Hall. Slowly, very slowly stepped the masked figures in the wavering light of their torches. Shadows leered fantastically about them, and the hoarse wail of the Latin dirge crept out over the gray campus. No one of the applauding spectators or jeering sophomores knew that the president of the class was not at the head of the line, or that four other well-known juniors were stalking angrily through the fog.

There are many difficulties, however, in attempting to keep even a class secret longer than twenty-four hours. A sophomore soon spread the story as told by the juniors, and Miss Lamont's friends among the faculty did not hesitate to meet one version with another. Monday noon rumors of a mock trial rippled through the dining rooms. Tuesday afternoon everybody in college was claiming membership in the junior class, in a mad effort to gain admission to the Physics Lecture Room,

where Professor Lamont was to be formally tried. It was said she would attempt to prove an *alibi*, and there was a bare chance of her success, for she had wisely chosen as her counsellor Sally Davidson, the senior president. Sally, it was said, had fire and will and personality enough to accomplish anything she set out to do. The freshmen clinging to walls and railing greeted her with a mighty yell when she appeared in cap and gown at the head of the stairs and passed into the lecture room with a group of classmates. The door was closed behind her, and the freshman cheering gave place to sophomore yells of resentment, for only seniors and juniors were to be admitted to the judicial chamber. These privileged class women rapidly filled the chairs, as well as the steps in the narrow side aisles. There was a stir when the defendant's lawyer entered, cap in hand, and many friendly or sarcastic bits of advice were thrown in her direction. She was better liked and less adored here than in the noisy corridor. "She'll give you a

hard fight, Naomi," called one to the junior vice-president, who, as prosecuting attorney, determined and confident, stood near the desk giving a final hint to her best witness. "Now answer every question exactly as I told you," she was saying. The wild chatter subsided at an imperative pounding on the clerk's table.

"The Court!" shouted the clerk. The door was thrown open, and a throng of whispering girls stood to receive the court. The judge walked slowly to his chair. The whispering ceased at sight of the black gown, the long white wig, and Laura Connelley's pale, grave face. The junior pride and loyalty broke forth into applause.

"The court is in session. There will be order in the court room," said the judge. Everybody sat down merrily. The case was called and formally opened. The jury filed in, two members of the faculty, four seniors, four sophomores, and two freshmen, with great expectation written on their twelve faces. Then there was sudden silence as the prisoner was ushered in,

accompanied by her two junior accomplices in crime, who were to be tried on a separate charge of treachery. When Miss Lamont was fairly seated in the dock improvised for the occasion, when she folded her white hands in her lap, and ventured to look about with a well-assumed air of injured innocence, all forced gravity gave way, and amidst the gleeful laughter even the judge smoothed a smile out of his face. When order was restored the clerk read the charge: that the prisoner, Blanche Lamont, did, under false pretence and with malicious intent, penetrate into the official and sacred mysteries of the organization known as the Junior Class in Wellesley College; and that she did thereby violate an ancient precedent which is equivalent to a law of this community.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, turning to the particularly limp figure standing in the dock, "you have heard the charge. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," came the answer. And then the audience leaned back in its chair

and waited to be amused. The prosecuting attorney did not keep it waiting long. In a few short and pithy sentences addressed to the gentlemen of the jury, Naomi Hathaway alluded to the well-known character of the prisoner in both public and private life, and then summoned her witnesses to the stand. Martha Smith clambered somewhat unwillingly to her place on the pine table drawn up beside the desk, and nervously thumped the "Principles of Argumentation" on which she was asked to take oath. After the preliminary questions concerning her acquaintance with the prisoner and her last meeting with her on the evening of June 9th, the witness was asked to describe the appearance of the prisoner on that occasion. After many ragged sentences she made it clear that the prisoner had worn a sheet and mask.

"Did you see her face?"

"One corner of it, and her hair, and her hand."

"You are certain that this person was the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"How did you recognize her beyond doubt?"

"By her voice." Martha turned red at the recollection.

"Will you tell the court what the prisoner said on this occasion?"

"She said she'd yield if I'd let go." The scream of delight that greeted this was too much for the embarassed witness, who promptly jumped off the table.

"The witness is yours," said the prosecuting attorney to the defendant's lawyer.

Sally Davidson motioned Martha back to the stand. She went rather sulkily.

"Did I understand you to say that you are well acquainted with the prisoner?" was the first question.

"Not — not exactly. I said I knew her."

"You have known her three years?"

"Yes."

"In those three years did you ever know the prisoner to do an unfair deed?"

"No."

"Did you ever know her to pretend to be what she was not?"

"No — never before, that is."

"You say that on the evening of June 9th you recognized the prisoner by her voice?"

"Yes."

"Do you happen to recall the exact words you heard?"

"Of course I do." There was laughter at this.

"Will you repeat them?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, first she cried for mercy," said the witness, growing more and more embarassed, "and then she said 'I yield on condition that you search me no further.'"

The prisoner in the dock turned red at these words, and was roundly applauded. The witness was about to jump again when the cross examiner called her back.

"Have you ever observed," she said slowly, "a resemblance between the prisoner and any other member of the college?"

"Of course I have!" blurted forth Martha

in surprise, and then she looked uneasily at the scowling prosecuting attorney. Everybody was watching Sally Davidson now.

"What is the name of the member of the college who resembles the prisoner?"

"Sm——Katharine Brook."

"Is Miss Brook a student?"

"Yes," sighed Martha, "she's a sophomore."

"Do you happen to know what English courses Miss Brook has taken during the past year?"

"She's taken forensics," growled Martha, "and she was in my division." Her hopeless tone was inexpressibly ludicrous, and this time her leap to the floor was unhindered.

Frances Dolliver and other junior witnesses corroborated Martha's story. They, also had recognized the prisoner mainly by her voice. They were not cross-examined. A senior who presided with Miss Lamont at table in Stone Hall, testified that she had gone twice during the evening to Miss Lamont's room, once at eight

o'clock, and again at nine-thirty, but had failed to find her at home—— although Miss Lamont had not been in the habit of going out on damp or very dark evenings. Here the prosecution rested its case.

The first witness for the defense was Miss Walker, who had shared with Professor Lamont the privilege of instructing the Junior Class in English 3. She had some difficulty in taking the stand, but her voice was balm to wounded hearts when she took oath on Baker's hated "Principles" to tell "the truth, half the truth, or anything but the truth, so help me George P. Baker." Once mounted she stood easily in the middle of the pine table, and answered without hesitation the questions addressed to her. She knew the prisoner intimately, she had received a visit from her on Friday evening, June 9th. Yes, they had talked of English 3, in fact they had been discussing the final records of several students. [groans.] Witness thought the prisoner might have been with her an hour, possibly longer. The next witness, another faculty

friend of the prisoner testified that the prisoner had called upon her in College Hall on the evening of June 9th. No, she had not noted the hour, nor did she know just how long the prisoner had remained—"long enough to drink several cups of tea." Professor Gallagher, the third witness, had called upon the prisoner at Stone Hall late in the evening. She had found her at home. Yes, witness was certain it was before ten o'clock, for no one but students remained out after ten. The commotion raised by this adroit statement was suddenly quelled by the call for Katharine Brook as the next witness. Perhaps among all the excited throng, the prisoner's hitherto serene face was now the most eager. The door facing the audience was flung wide, and the witness entered. There were quick gasps, and then an awed silence. Miss Lamont! Was this Miss Lamont or was Miss Lamont in the dock? Glances shifted quickly to the prisoner. Her face was awed as any—for there before her stood the image of herself. The newcomer threw

her head back and looked about her with a slightly bewildered air so precisely the counterpart of Miss Lamont's own attitude on entering that the audience burst into a wild tumult of applause. The howling grew more and more furious as Katherine Brook moved languidly across the floor. She wore a familiar gown of Miss Lamont's that hung rather loosely from her lowered shoulders. Her reddish hair was parted and brought down in exact imitation of Miss Lamont's, over a forehead that might be any height. With well assumed embarassment she took the stand, amid renewed cheers, while the seniors let forth a sturdy cry:

"Katharine Brook,
We like your look.
'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah for Katharine Brook."

The witness turned toward the prisoner; she compressed her lips and smiled a deprecatory smile. "Forgive me for this absurd caricature," said the smile. It was returned by the original deprecatory smile which now convulsed the audience anew. At

length order was restored, and the examination began. Yet, witness had taken a course in forensics with the present junior class. She had known the class was to burn forensics Friday evening. The president of the class had invited her to attend the ceremony. She had refused the invitation. She was not told where the ceremony would take place, but she was informed of this the next day.

"Where were you on the evening of June 9th?"

"I was in my room at Stone Hall until about half-past eight. Then I went out for a walk."

The idea of going to walk on a dark night in a white fog seemed to tickle the audience.

"Where did you walk?"

"To College Hall first, and afterward by the lake."

"Were you near the shore when the juniors landed their boats?"

"Yes." Here Katharine Brook's smile, and not Miss Lamont's appeared on the

face of the witness. The gentlemen of the jury were leaning forward with strained faces.

"Did you see anything which caused you to recognize the prisoner in the person who was captured on the beach?"

"I did not."

"Did you hear the words spoken by the captive?"

"I did."

"Will you repeat them?"

The witness hesitated a moment, until there was absolute stillness in the court room. She bent her head a little, and compressed her lips.

"Mercy!" The word was faint and plaintive.

Every face turned involuntarily toward the prisoner, who was gazing steadfastly at the witness.

"I yield on condition that you search me no farther."

The weary, hollow tone floated to the furthest corner of the room. The prisoner's lips had not moved, but the blood

leaped to her face at this imitation of her own suppliant voice. Then she laughed till she cried, while the court room again resounded with furious applause.

The prosecuting attorney, quick to apprehend that such a witness would be more damaging than helpful, waived the right of cross examination. In his final address to the jury he made a strong plea for the plaintiff, in sentences that flashed with wity personalities. His address was intended to convince the jury that an interloper had penetrated into the most solemn and secret ceremony of the class, and that the evidence proved conclusively the identity of the prisoner and that interloper, in spite of the tawdry and sensational masquerading which had disgraced the dignity of the court.

Then Sally Davidson arose in her might and harangued the jury in words that tumbled out in steadily increasing fire and emphasis. She was a good speaker. She had a good audience and a strong case, and she outdid herself. She talked hard for fifteen minutes. "And now, gentlemen of

the jury," she said at last, "I fearlessly trust the decision in this case to your wise, your subtle, your honorable, your experienced judgment. The question is perfectly clear to you. The Junior Class whose reputation in this community needs no comment, chooses to embark secretly on a dark night upon an invisible body of water where, amid foul incantations, they wantonly destroy unscholarly literary productions which they are ashamed to have inspected. These unprincipled students discover the presence of a stranger who has listened to speeches which they are ashamed to have heard. (The prosecuting attorney flushed, and turned a crimson, beseeching face to the prisoner, who smiled indulgently). They are unable to discover who this stranger is. They claim to know her by her height, her —uh—golden hair, and her voice. Gentlemen of the jury, there are two members of this college who have that same height, that golden hair, and that voice. One of them is a student who has taken the course in English 3 with the present junior class;

a student who was invited by the juniors to accompany them. The other member of the college who answers to this description——" The speaker paused, took several strides forward, then turned, with one arm outstretched toward the dock. "Gentlemen of the jury, that other member of the college is the prisoner. There she sits. A prisoner! A woman who holds, and who will continue to hold the unfaltering esteem of every member of this community. Gentlemen, it remains with you to recognize and establish the innocence of our honored prisoner."

No one heard what the judge said to the jurymen before they filed out. No one heard what anyone said, for everyone was pounding her hands together and shouting to her nearest neighbor. No one but Sally Davidson knew what the prisoner said to her lawyer as she leaned far over the bar to grasp that gentleman's hand. In fifteen minutes the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and the court adjourned. Everybody except Martha Smith, who preferred

to make her excuses in private, pressed toward the prisoner. Naomi Hathaway was the first to congratulate her. And then, while everybody was frantically shaking hands with anyone who stood nearest, the crowd opened to admit Katharine Brook and Laura Connelley into its heart. There was renewed laughter when the two Miss Lamonts stood face to face and hand in hand.

"Miss Brook, you have saved my life. But do I look like that?"

"It is my misfortune that I couldn't make myself sufficiently handsome for the occasion. But never mind! I did save your life, as you say, and I gave myself a brand new experience. I like being metamorphosed, and I think I'll retain this exterior."

"Don't, I beseech you," begged Miss Lamont.

In her threat to retain her new personality, Katharine was quite unconscious of the sudden approval it had gained for her. She had shown that spirit of fun which always finds glad recognition among college

girls; she had shown a bold indifference to consequences which they admired; and she had done for a friend what many believed, rightly or wrongly, to be an act involving some sacrifice of personal pride. Nobody could want to be thought a sneak.

"I don't really believe it was Katharine Brook at all," said Fan Dolliver, "but whether it was or not, she's a jim dandy girl!"

"Well, what I'd like to know," Martha was saying to Fan, on the edge of the dispersing crowd, "What I'd like to know is who that swooping red haired captive of mine really was. I'm stumped."

And many junior minds still shared Martha's uncertainty. Laura Connelley was not slow in grasping this fact.

"You will have to do something, Katharine," she said as she walked toward Stone Hall between the real and the feigned Miss Lamont, "to convince the girls that you really were not on the lake, after all."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," was the response. "They would think even worse of

me if they knew I had stayed in my room all the evening to read Plato. As it is, we've all had our fun, and the girls don't know whether to admire Miss Lamont for her courage in going, or for her discretion in staying away."

"They shall know in time," said Miss Lamont, "but I have had the richest experience in this frolic. I have heard unspeakable things at the heart of a mystery, and I have made Miss Brook everlastingly famous."

"Notorious, at least," said Smiling Brook.

CLORINDA

CLORINDA

Clorinda

THE "Kansas Whirlwind" swished through the hall and bounded up two flights of polished stairs, clattering her heels as she went. A heavy thump landed her hundred and seventy pounds in the corridor at the top, where she paused, — not to regain her breath, for she was always breathless, but to summon her courage. The tempestuous energy which had earned her nick-name in college suddenly slipped from her as she moved hesitating, down the passage.

The door at the end stood ajar, giving a glimpse into an untidy, sunshiny room, where bright garments lay on chairs or dangled from picture corners. Ruby Graham advanced timidly to the door and tapped twice. No sound replied. She peered through the crack and saw that the room was without an occupant. An impatient exclamation popped from her lips,

and she turned, half disappointed, half relieved, to face the opening door across the hall.

"Good morning, Ruby. That noise did belong to you, did it?"

The voice dwelt over the words with a hearty drawl; two firm hands caught both the girl's pudgy ones, and two eyes beamed golden lights as their owner drew the unresisting whirlwind into her own room.

"Looking for Clorinda? She's gone to town to stay all day. You may see from her room that she went in a hurry, as usual. But don't look so disappointed, child. Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you, Leigh. Its nothing, only—only Miss Treverton promised me a dance at the Barn Swallows this afternoon, and I thought I'd remind her and put down the number," gulped Ruby courageously. "Won't she be back for the dance?"

"That's beyond the knowledge of any mortal," Leigh returned. "It's safe to say that she'll stay in town till she wants to

come out to Wellesley. But cheer up! I'll take the dance, if I may, or at any rate another one, in case Clorinda does come."

"Thank you," quavered the crestfallen Ruby, "that will be lovely, only——"

"Only what?" laughed Leigh Dalton. "Only a dance with a girl from home, whom you've known all your life, isn't quite so interesting, even though she is a senior, as a dance with the most fascinating of juniors? Now, Ruby, I don't mean to interfere with your doings, but I must say a word about this affair. Your father told me to look after you, you know."

"Yes, and you've been just fine to me, Leigh! I don't know what I should have done at first without you." Ruby's large face became both pleading and apprehensive. "I know you don't like Clorinda Treverton, but you can't expect me to hate her because of that,—and she *is* so grand!" the girl finished näively, and then squirmed uneasily in the low chair that she filled.

"You don't know her," Leigh said. "I've

watched through two years of college, and I do know her. Now, kid, I won't say things to set you against her, but I don't want to see your Freshman year made less happy by Clorinda Treverton. You haven't known many girls well, so you haven't the judgment to see that she doesn't always mean all she says. She's not quite genuine, dear. Don't you see?" You mustn't trust all her words seriously."

Ruby flared.

"Leigh Dalton! You're saying horrid things. She's lovely to me! Just lovely!"

"So she is to everyone who admires her. But she seems to forget you easily. I saw her pass you without a nod or a look Saturday, when she was with some men, and yet your bunch of violets was on her dressing table that minute."

"She's absent minded," was Ruby's defence. "I'm not to care if she does seem not to remember, she says, it doesn't mean that she wants to hurt me. That's why I came to remind her about the dance."

"You kid. You poor child! She'll keep you trotting. But I'll let you alone, dear —only do try to think, once in awhile, whether it's all as fair as you want it to be. Now tell me your news from Kansas. I had one fat letter from home last week."

Ruby maintained a lofty air of injured dignity throughout the remaining half hour of chat, while Leigh Dalton, anxious not to lose her hold on this clumsy, good-natured youngster, tried to dispel the unpleasantness of her warning. Under her geniality Ruby relented so far as to indulge in a gurgling laugh before they parted.

After the door had banged behind her visitor, Leigh Dalton set about carving a dozen gourds into the semblance of grotesque faces for an approaching Hallow'een party and while she made vigorous slashes with her knife, she was thinking in vigorous condemnation of Clorinda Treverton's careless attitude toward the truth and things in general.

Leigh had been a sophomore when her neighbor across the hall entered college

as a freshman. She always yielded a smile to the recollection of their first encounter—an early one, for Fate had thrown these two uncongenial students continually together from the beginning. Leigh, on the "welcoming committee," had been at the station to receive the newcomers. On the crowded platform there was the usual bustle of first day. Good natured porters skirmished among stacks of trunks at each end, and amid the intervening throng of scurrying girls madly greeting one another, anxious strangers in new traveling suits stood timidly beside parental protectors and regarded the scrambling confusion. Leigh had already set one batch of these bewildered newcomers with their faces toward College Hall. Bawling drivers and weary receiving committee were silent in the lull between trains, and Leigh was turning toward a vacant seat when there stepped from the waiting-room a tall, dashing young woman with a guitar case and a self-sufficient air. Leigh had offered her hand as she smiled a word of greeting.

The slender figure stood erect, and the cold eyes surveyed the plainly dressed, unassuming girl before her. "I am Clorinda Treverton. Thank you, I can find my own way very well."

Leigh remembered the words, and her own feeling of astonishment when Miss Treverton had turned and swung the waiting-room door between them. "I can find my own way very well." She had told the story that night in laughing mimicry to a group of friends who were discussing the conspicuous new arrivals. "Just wait!" the girls had cried indignantly. "She shall have a chance to find her own way." Poor Clorinda! It seemed to Leigh this morning that Miss Clorinda Treverton had not progressed very far in her two years of independent path finding.

Had Leigh Dalton known her neighbor more personally, she must have pitied her either less or more. Clorinda had been quick witted enough to see her blunder, when a few days of college had made her familiar with the name and face of the

plain girl who had boldly accosted her in the station. She regretted that her clearly-defined intention of taking the college by storm had played her false at the first critical moment. She meant to be the most popular girl in Wellesley. Her handsome face and figure, her pretty clothes, and her manner were to win her instant recognition among the best girls in college. She would be careful to accept none but the most prominent as her friends; and to them she would be so winsome, so lavish, that she should gain the good will of these older girls and still hold a high position among her classmates. But her first month was marked by conspicuous errors, and it was too late, after that. She was watched askance. Her sweetness was lost on girls who distrusted its genuineness. After repeated trials she was branded "sham" by the instinctively fair-minded girls who form public opinion in a great college. At the end of her sophomore year Clorinda Treverton, always a noticeable figure in the corridors, was as unimportant in college

affairs as the timidest of freshmen. She had received no society invitation—an omission to which this ambitious, self-dependent young woman could not easily become reconciled. Her companions were among a certain very small clique of wealthy, rather heavy minded girls, who found college spirit and college traditions beyond their understanding. Augusta Hayden, leader of this little coterie, admired Clorinda in her unseeing fashion; and Clorinda, brought low by oblivion, accepted tolerantly this tribute which had given her the only constant friendship of the two years.

With this long stride into junior privileges, however, Clorinda became conscious of a change in the attitute of those about her. The last of the students who had been "upper-class girls" when she entered, had become scattered alumnæ, and to her now belonged the honor of the upper-class girls. Instead of seeking admiration from classes above her, she sought and found it in those below; instead of seniors who liked to be

flattered there were now freshmen who liked to flatter. These younger girls, with their ideals yet untested and their reputations to make, readily yielded to the charm of Miss Treverton's commanding personality, and unquestioningly enjoyed the spreads served by her and Augusta Hayden for freshman appetites.

Ruby Graham was perhaps the most whole hearted of Clorinda's followers. The clumsy westerner was full of adoring wonder for the languid grace of the southerner Her dancing Ruby thought the very poetry of motion. She had never had the joy of dancing with this perfect leader, but she was to have it at the Barnswallow's Ball, for Clorinda had actually promised to take out upon the floor Ruby, who bounced like a toy balloon. She knew she bounced, and wondered, while she swathed her massive form in white organdy, whether Miss Treverton would keep her promise after seeing her dance. Then Leigh's words brought a few twinges of misgiving which Ruby indignantly denied in her heart.

It was easy to forget her annoyance when she found herself in the midst of the merry troop of girls who were pouring into the Barn, for "Barn" the huge, bare structure must always be, notwithstanding the well equipped little stage and the smooth, hard floor of the interior. Here the prettiest dances and the most complete theatricals went vigorously on from week to week, under the supervision of the various clubs, but most frequently under that of the "Barn Swallows," to which any member of the college might belong. Today the rough posts were roped with evergreen, the benches along two sides of the great hall were covered with the usual over supply of college cushions, the waxed floor shone with reflected light, and an increasing throng of girls promenaded, awaiting music. Ruby, under the protection of a friendly sophomore, clutched her program with warm fingers, and saluted her acquaintances with full-voiced vigor.

"Give me the first waltz, Ruby?" asked a classmate.

"The first dance is mine, you know," her sophomore escort reminded her.

"And I am to have a place, honey."

Leigh Dalton's homely voice put an end to Ruby's first bewildered confusion.

"Oh, yes! of course, Leigh. Which shall it be?"

Leigh's program was already well filled with initials of the forgotten and unpopular. There remained two dances near the end.

"Give me thirteen or fifteen," she said, showing her card.

Ruby hesitated and blushed.

"Haven't you any others? I wanted to keep the end of my program free, you know, in case — suppose Miss Treverton should come late. I'm engaged to her for one."

"I have no others," returned Leigh, a little wrathfully. She had planned to bring the wilful Ruby before some of the best seniors this afternoon.

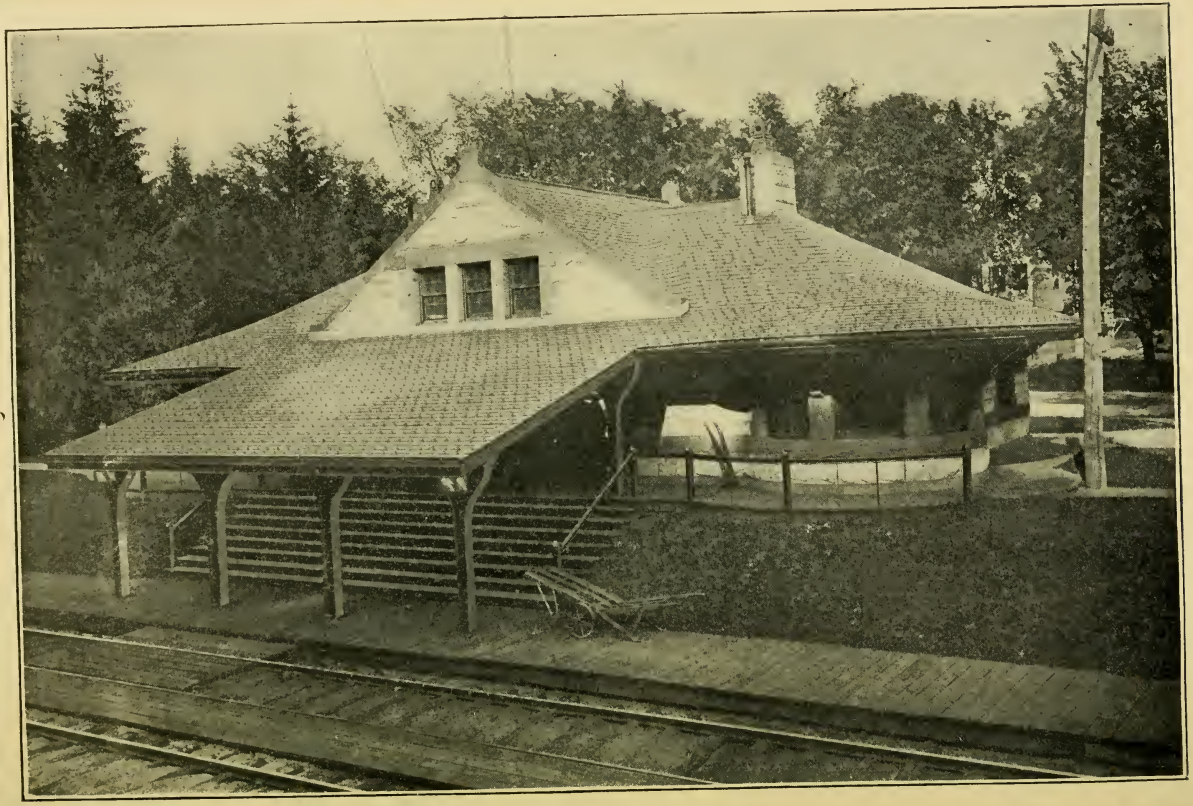
"Ah, Leigh, I hate to lose it. My card is nearly blank because I've just come. Can't you give me four or seven?" urged Ruby penitently.

But Leigh only showed her penciled card, and moved away as the music began.

In an instant many pairs of girls were circling about the floor to the beat and clank of a street piano and a tambourine. For the Barn Swallows were both economical and cheerful, and the noisy rhythm of the "hurdy-gurdy" provided dance music quite as inspiring as an orchestra, and far cheaper. Moreover, here were none of your weary fiddlers. The man at the crank and the woman at the tambourine wrinkled their faces into smiles as the girlish figures shifted and glided to the clang of the hurdy-gurdy.

Ruby, in an eager glow, hopped about her sophomore escort until the music stopped, when her exhausted partner went in search of lighter footed company. Left to herself, the Whirlwind began a circuit of the hall. She bumped among groups of gossips, whisked awkwardly into corners, and everywhere peered anxiously for the sight of Miss Treverton among the light gowns. A sudden descent upon the

carriage drivers loitering just outside the door brought her no news of Miss Treverton's return. This investigation led her to imagine that Clorinda Treverton would surely come on the next train, in time for one of the last dances that she had refused Leigh. Now and again, as she was whirled about the room, she caught a glimpse of Leigh's serene face looking cheerfully over the shoulder of an unsteady partner, and she was sorry. Her father thought so much of Leigh! But he didn't know Clorinda Treverton. In the course of her restless wandering during the intermission, Ruby found Augusta Hayden in a side room. While they stood together, cooling their throats with sherbet, Augusta gave what reassurance she could. "Clorinda may come in right away," she said, "and she may not come at all—but she had promised so many dances——" which words brought Ruby both hope and uneasiness. As soon as possible she escaped from Augusta's restraining talk, in order that she might watch the door through which



WELLESLEY DEPOT

Miss Treverton must come soon if she came at all. Ruby's listening ear had caught the whistle of the Boston train.

As she stepped into the great hall from a door near the stage, her eagerness was arrested by a fair picture. The whirling, noisy throng had been transformed into a tableau. Along one side of the room the Barn-swallows had grouped themselves in semicircular rows of unconscious symmetry. The girls in front had rustled gently to the floor; the rows behind were kneeling; and over their shoulders leaned the standing figures. Every face was turned toward the centre of the room. There, in the open space before the light gowned American girls, the Italian woman, in her gaudy foreign garments, swayed her lithe form and swarthy arms to the tinkle of her tambourine. Marvellously the light toy twirled and spun and clattered. And when the motionless rows broke into a flutter of applause, the man at the hurdy-gurdy flashed a white-toothed smile over his arm at his companion artist. Ruby, at the end of the

room, looked and applauded with the rest, yet let her glance wander to the outskirts of the crowd and beyond, to the door. She did not see the door open, however, and was startled to find her attention caught and held by the apparition of a tall young lady whose black tailor suit, and toque with a dash of rose, made her a conspicuous figure among the evening gowns. She stood well, looking down smilingly into the face of Augusta Hayden, who had somehow met her at the door. Her tawny skin gleamed with the early night air and mist that she brought with her into the heated room. The flexible movement of her carmine lips could be seen across the hall. One gloved hand held her long black skirt from the floor; the other gesticulated languidly as if she were purring out a lazy account of her day in town.

Clorinda Treverton knew the value of contrast, and she was perfectly conscious of her own advantage as she rested there in easy attitude. Evening dress did not become her, the girls said. Whatever the

reason, she had chosen to appear in a tailor gown just at the moment when peoples' eyes were beginning to weary of light hues and fluffy skirts. Her apparent unconsciousness of the attention she attracted added to the affectiveness of the pose. Without greeting the welcoming faces, she suddenly left Augusta Hayden's side and shot across the open space till she stood between the Italian performers and their audience. The whirling tambourine hung suspended a moment as the woman paused in astonishment at the interruption. Clorinda's lazy eyes saw the displeasure in the Italian's face. She went closer and spoke a few hasty words. The tambourine player smiled and nodded, and finally turned away to crouch on the floor, while Miss Treverton again faced the audience.

"Ladies an' genelmen," she rolled out in her rich southern accent, "Ah've been in this hyah Bahn many a time, an' Ah've never yet done an exhibition. With yo' kind puhmission, Ah will now dance a double-shuffle."

There was some laughter and hand clapping at this. The girls knew Clorinda was a good entertainer.

"Mistah Salvatore"—she had the name already—"will play fo' me. Mistah Salvatore, have yo' a rag-time two-step?"

"Mistah Salvatore" pushed a peg and signified his willingness to begin. Clorinda's long black skirt left the floor a few inches, to show the nimble feet. The hurdy-gurdy rattled out two measures of rollicking music, to which Clorinda's head beat emphatic time, and then the double shuffle began. It was a simple bit of agility and endurance, learned at home from an old negro servant, but its novelty won instant enthusiasm. Clorinda, rolling her eyes, pounded away with a dogged energy that earned the undisguised scorn of the tambourine player. The more the audience applauded, the faster patted the twinkling shoes, until with a sudden relaxing of tense muscles, the dancer stopped and the musician was left hopelessly turning out his noisy music.

Clorinda strolled carelessly across the open space to beckoning comrades, and received unheeding the bevy of freshmen who demanded a repetition of her performance.

"Shan't dance another step this evening, honies. Don't you think I must be tired, after walking through the city of Boston?"

"But you're going to dance with me, aren't you, Miss Treverton?"

"And with me!"

"Not a step this evening. I'm tired," was the answer.

"You shouldn't have promised, then!" Ruby's voice was indignant and her hot face shone with honest wrath. "I've saved my last dances for you, and you ought not to promise dances when you know you're going to town."

Miss Treverton's temper was not sure when she was tired. She regarded her mentor, crumpled and warm.

"If you had any sense you wouldn't dance at all, you get so hot. I'm ashamed of you child. Why don't you go home?"

Clorinda was as cool and unruffled as if she had never moved or spoken. Ruby admiring while she gazed, flared the more. A native dignity, undeveloped but true, came to her aid.

"I shall go home when my fun is over, Miss Treverton," she said forcibly, and turned away with a fair show of indifference.

Leigh Dalton, who was passing the group in her confused search for her next partner, overheard the insult, and stood ready to take the desolate Ruby into her care. Ruby, however, was in no mood to demand sympathy. For another hour her laughter rang heartily under the great beams, and her feet danced unweariedly until the last guest made ready to depart.

With all her indifferent demeanor, however Ruby could not soon forget the afternoon of the dance. It was the first time Clorinda's temper had ever expressed itself incautiously to Ruby. The freshman was, accordingly, startled with her first real doubt of Miss Treverton's goodness. She

waited a week before she went again to Miss Treverton's room, meanwhile solacing herself with corridor glimpses and nods, and frequent visits to Leigh Dalton, across the hall. Most earnestly she listened to Augusta Haydn's explicit and alarming reports of a change in Clorinda.

Augusta's perception was not quick, yet her faith in its promptings was imperturbable. Her Jewish ancestry had endowed her with a temperament almost superstitiously sensitive to impressions. Just now she was eager to share with curious younger girls all the details of her observation of Clorinda. Ruby, wandering disconsolately to Augusta's door in College Hall, one gloomy afternoon just as twilight was closing in, found the room full of freshmen and sophomores listening eagerly to an alarming account of Clorinda's queer behavior. The unsteady blue light from the alcohol lamp beneath the tea kettle flickered faintly on the elaborate decoration of the over-furnished room, while Augusta, like a priestess at the tripod, waved a silver

tea ball and chanted forth dismal prophecies concerning Clorinda.

"She's been different, somehow, since that afternoon at the Barn when she danced. Her moods are so uncertain—and sometimes"—her voice dropped, and her listeners stiffened with the creepy effect of her whisper—"sometimes she even talks to herself. And she doesn't sleep till long after midnight. I've seen her light often. She caught some dreadful infection in Boston, I know she did. And she's coming down with it now—it's nearly three weeks. She's worrying so that she'll never live through it, and of course she won't tell."

All this seemed plausible.

"Why don't you, or some one find out where she went and all about it? It's wicked to make her worry all alone."

Ruby's sudden words from the doorway were impatient and almost tremulous. Augusta rolled her black eyes sensationally and flourished her tea ball.

"She won't say a word about herself. And when I asked her where she'd been in

Boston, she almost snapped my head off. She turned pale and her mouth looked all drawn. It was some awful place, and she knows she has the disease already."

"Then she ought not to stay in college. She wouldn't be allowed to, would she?" remarked Ruby doubtfully.

"She has no place to go to," continued Augusta. "Of course she can't go way to Louisiana when she's so ill."

"Perhaps she's not ill at all. She may be just worried."

"She said she had a headache when she broke her engagement with me yesterday," came from one of the huddled figures on the couch.

"I wish——" began Ruby, and was unceremoniously silenced by a long brown hand that reached from behind to cover her mouth.

"Have then thy wish! You were going to long for me to complete this bug-a-boo circle, weren't you? And Miss Gussy, she's so overjoyed to see me that she can't speak. Go right on wid de task, ladies an'

genelman, I'll squat in de corner with Ruby to my uttah obsclusion. Come along, lady Ruby, there aren't any more chairs."

From behind Ruby's eclipsing bulk, Clorinda, from her corner leaned forward and let her flow of talk continue, regardless of Augusta's voluble greeting.

"Howdy, Miss Mary Hudson, Howdy, Miss Julia Marston. Now this is right pretty company. Ruby, let me lean against you. The wall is too hard. Thank you kindly, honey. Why don't you turn on the electricity? It's ghostly dark in here. The hoodoo man will git yo' ef yo' don' watch out. Oo—o—o—o! See dem blue fires aflickah'in! An' dere's a screech owl out in de pines. Oo—o—o—o! Don' yo' hear im? He' acomin' to set on de chimbly, and 'turn dis hyah house into dead folks' houses. I seen a white buzzard fly across de moon to-day."

"O, Miss Treverton, please don't! Do turn on the light, somebody, quick!"

The ground glass bulb over Augusta's head brightened with a snap and illumined

startled faces. A glad deep drawn breath escaped the girls at this sudden return to light and familiar things. The glowing colors of Augusta's cushions, the gilt edges of her books, the greens and reds and purples of her poster frieze, restored the customary sense of assurance in the present moment. There was relieved laughter. Ruby looked both mirthful and anxious.

"Clorinda, you peanut!" cried Augusta. "Why *do* you say such things? Julia Marston don't feel quite safe yet. Here, Julia, drink some tea."

While the girls comforted Julia with friendly jibes, Ruby turned to Clorinda.

"You were perfectly wierd, Miss Treverton. I hope there's nothing the matter. You're not having real premonitions are you?"

She looked with anxiety into the other's face, and bent her arm about Clorinda's shoulder.

"Oh, I've heard Mammy Jane get off reels of that stuff. She can tell you the sign of anything from a caterpillar to a stopped clock."

"But you made us all shiver, and I know you shivered yourself. Your signs aren't any good, are they? I hope you're not going to be ill."

Ruby's vague fears had given her sudden courage to venture the suggestion. Augusta turned from her kettle to listen.

"I'm all right," said Clorinda briefly.

"But the girls were just saying you looked tired, and I thought—"

"What business is it of yours?" Clorinda's voice was savage. "If I am solemn you think I'm ill, and if I'm gay, you act as if I were a raving maniac. Can't you use a little sense and let me alone?"

She pulled herself up with an exasperated jerk. To Augusta she spoke abruptly.

"Will you give me a cup of tea now, or shall I wait till all our young friends are served?"

"Oh, come off" returned Angusta cheerfully. "Of course you can have it if you ask pretty."

"Well, give it to me, then." She swallowed the steaming beverage and handed

back the cup. "I'm going home now, where I can move my eyelids without anyone's fussing over the shadow they make."

There was no dignity in her petulent departure. The girls exchanged astonished glances at her burst of temper, and one of them began a sneering remark. Ruby turned defensively.

"You think I ought to be angry at the way she spoke to me. Maybe I am, a little, but I'm more sorry about the thing that makes her act so different. Something's the matter, and I'm going to find her now. You can talk all you like when I'm gone."

She flounced out in time to see Clorinda's skirts disappearing around the corner; but when she reached the head of the stairs the skirts were two flights down. Over the banisters Ruby caught another glimpse of Clorinda, standing beneath the palms, now, and swinging her golf cape about her shoulders while she chatted with a black-haired sophomore. Already her mood had softened. An instant later Ruby from the portico, joyously watched the sophomore

turn off towards Stone Hall, while Clorinda's shadowy figure under its golfhood extinguisher, was sauntering in the direction of the cottages. When Ruby came up behind her, she was whistling a strain from "The Runaway Girl." Her greeting would have assured a spectator that the two friends had been parted a month.

"You dear child, where did you drop from? I was just thinking how scared I am to go home alone in the gloaming. Now you shall walk up to Freeman with me."

"Oh, I can't, Miss Treverton. It's almost dinner time and I'm not dressed. I just wanted to see you and——"

"Come to dinner with me, then. You must. I want you to," insisted Clorinda imperiously, and then with sudden pleading, "now do come, honey!"

She was not to be resisted. In the humility of an "everyday" shirt waist, Ruby accordingly found herself entering the Freeman dining room behind the silken Clorinda. The meal had already begun,

and, furthermore, there was no other freshman in the room: two facts which so embarassed Ruby that she settled herself almost calmly to the uncomfortable situation. The two were merry enough, at first, but Clorinda gradually quieted into indifferent silence as her chatter failed to gain the attention of the upper class girls about her. They were in the habit of disregarding her unless she became especially hilarious. Even admiring Ruby observed this, and soon wondered at the neglect of Clorinda's housemates in tacitly excluding her from the cheerful after dinner groups on the stairs or about the piano. Almost immediately Clorindo led her upstairs. They sat in halting conversation until Ruby's conscience drove her to depart. Clorinda dismissed her abstractedly, scarcely replying to the girl's trembling words of thanks and half uttered sympathy.

Ruby, shuffling fearfully down the dark hill, thought in pity of the listless face she had left alone in the noisy houseful of girls. In her heart she vowed a vow to stand by

Clorinda in spite of moods. Her remembrance of angry words but made her vow the faster.

Clorinda, at that moment, needed the practical aid of a friend more than Ruby could guess. She was in trouble; and the trouble forced itself into the midst of daily activity and reappeared in pets and tempers. It had already stifled the gayety she had summoned against it, and was now lashing her miserably. She began automatically to put away some of the clothes and books that were always strewn about her floor. While she worked she thought aloud, as one tries to quell mental confusion by an oral review of facts.

"Not Ruby—she wouldn't care for me afterward. And neither would Augusta. They must both keep on liking me. But I've got to go to somebody. Julia Marston would despise me, too."

Her upper lip and nostrils were twitching nervously, but she did not cry. Clorinda never cried except in theatricals.

"I haven't a single friend who wouldn't despise me," she muttered.

A tap roused her attention.

"Come," she called, in the act of scraping five pairs of shoes from under the edge of her couch.

Leigh Dalton's face appeared.

"They said Ruby was with you, and I looked in to give her a message."

"She's gone," returned Clorinda bluntly. Then Leigh's honest face prompted a new thought. Clorinda acted upon it. "But won't you come in?" she asked cordially.

"No thanks. I'm reviewing my cat's circulatory system."

Clorinda hastened to the door before Leigh could vanish.

"Can't you give me a minute, Leigh? I was just going to your room."

Leigh was vaguely surprised.

"Ruby?" she ventured.

Clorinda laughed easily.

"No indeed. That child is no trouble. She's easy. And if she weren't so fat I might grow right fond of her. Ruby's a good girl."

This brief summary of her young charge

set the lights darting dangerously from Leigh's eyes.

"I can't stay long," she said. "What do you want to talk about?"

"About myself, of course. Try this chair, Leigh. Dump the things off. That broadcloth coat is one cause of all my troubles. I'm just worried to death!" she ended, exasperated, and turned her back on her guest, under pretence of arranging the curtains.

"Well," she continued, when she at length seated herself before the silent Leigh, "it's the proper thing for you to say you're sorry, isn't it?"

"I am sorry," said Leigh. "Why do you tell me?"

"Don't all the girls tell you their troubles, Miss Popularity? You help them out, don't you? I thought perhaps you would help me."

"I don't think you're the sort I could help."

"Wait till you know me — and my little story."

Then Clorinda stopped, and her dark face slowly reddened under Leigh's quiet gaze.

"Go on," urged Leigh. "Your confession isn't begun yet."

"You always show as much sympathy as this?" queried Clorinda, and then Leigh blushed.

"Now we're quits, and I'll begin," said Clorinda. But she didn't begin.

"Really, Clorinda, if you're in trouble I'm awfully sorry. Tell me, and I won't be hard on you any more."

"You never did like me or approve of me, Leigh, so of course I never liked you right heartily. But you've got sense, and I want you to tell me how to get some money."

"It takes more than sense to get that. How much?"

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"What is it for?"

"Debts."

"I don't know how you can get it—— unless you sell some finery."

Leigh was an economist by nature and necessity. She felt scornful of the word debt in company with cloth gowns and mahogany furniture.

"It's the finery that did it," confessed Clorinda. "Of course it isn't salable now, and I wouldn't sell it if it were. These bills are left over from last year." She took a handful from the desk. "The tailor's bill for my spring suit is the worst. And here are two summer hats. And the rest goes to the caterer and the florist."

"Do you want to earn the money?"

"Bless your heart, how could I earn money! Me? I might as well try to walk on my head. Some folks must make money, and others spend it. I've spent my allowance, and now these miserly tailors and florists threaten to notify the college authorities if I don't pay before the first of November."

"That's next week."

Leigh listened and commented as if she were attending a committee meeting. She offered no suggestion.

"I must borrow the money," said Clorinda, "and do it right off, too—— . Could you lend it to me, Leigh?" Her voice became a husky whisper.

"You know perfectly that I can't," returned Leigh. "Everyone in college knows I'm here on a scholarship, and worked two years at Fiske cottage to pay for my board."

"'Pon my word, I didn't know it, Leigh. And you so popular?"

"I am more famous than my spreads are, that's certain," said Leigh with pardonable spirit.

"Can't you borrow it for me?" persisted Clorinda. "I hate to ask you, but I *must* have it. It's impossible to get it from home just now."

"How would you pay it back, then?"

"Oh, I'd have to save on my allowance. I could do it in six months."

"Then why didn't you do it before?"

"Leigh, you are the most stony-hearted girl I ever knew. You needn't pull me into shreds. I've thought about this for

weeks. I know I've been a fool, and worse. I know it a good deal better than you do. I know it's my own bitter fault that I haven't a friend in this cold, merciless, crowded college who is willing to help me out of a scrape that I needn't have walked into. I *am* in it, and I've got to get out of it or leave college—for I've got a lot of college bills unpaid, besides. Because I thought you were the best girl I knew, I came to you for help. I had no fear that you could hate me more if you knew. And instead of treating me like a Christian, you turn me down."

It was plain that Clorinda had laid aside the sham. Leigh felt sorry and rebuked as she looked into her weary, pleading eyes.

"I haven't the money, Clorinda, but I'm glad you told me. I'll try. Perhaps I can get it." She remembered an offer made to her the summer before by a faculty friend. She had refused it then; perhaps she could ask for it now.

"No, you needn't try. I'd rather you

wouldn't." Clorinda's haughty words belied the hope in her face.

"I'll try to get two hundred dollars, if you will give me your note."

"Of course," said Clorinda, wondering what a note might be.

"And the twenty-five dollars you can earn."

Clorinda stared.

"You are strong and hearty. You could sell things. The girls would buy anything of you."

Clorinda laughed.

"Why don't you sell candy to your spendthrift friends?"

Clorinda whooped aloud.

"Now, honey, just because you're doing me a favor, don' yo try ter boss dis hyah chicken."

"Sell Allegretti's! I'll help you."

Clorinda's face sobered with admiration and wonder.

"Here?"

"Yes, in your room, or sometimes in mine. I'll help you when you're busy.

Write now to Chicago and find out what they'll allow you a pound. I'll tell you what to say."

Clorinda's spirit caught the joke. She wrote at Leigh's dictation.

"Tell yo' what, honey, dis hyah niggah gwine eat mo'n he sell," she commented, as she sealed the letter.

The following week the tailor's bill was receipted and Leigh had in her possession a piece of paper signed by Clorinda Treverton, who promised to pay in six months the sum of two hundred dollars. She knew Leigh had borrowed the money with some difficulty, but she did not see the precisely similar note which Leigh had given to her unnamed friend. Although it was the fashion that year for every girl, rich or poor, who had the wit, to sell any salable article from sofa pillows to shoe blacking, there was general astonishment when Clorinda displayed a poster. It announced that the most famous chocolates in the world might be obtained at 34 Freeman. The girls bought hungrily and ac-

cepted with easy banter Clorinda's explanation that she wanted to know how it felt to earn money for her own violets. It was not long, however, before she lost interest in the game, and considered "office hours for Allegretti's" a bore. Leigh acted as sole proprietor after the first month, but declined to serve after the holidays. when she learned that the fifteen dollars made in that time had been spent, in truth, for fresh violets, rather than for old florist's bills.

The softened mood which had succeeded to Clorinda's despair soon lost itself in her usual heedlessness. Leigh had become more sympathetic, if not more approving, but Clorinda's thoughtless, haughty manner at length restored the old inharmonious relation. Although she seldom saw Clorinda after the holidays, Leigh was more tolerant of Ruby's unswerving allegiance to the most fascinating of juniors. Ruby felt the difference and became more communicative. She had not understood Clorinda's sudden revival of good spirits in

the autumn. Clorinda had good naturedly accounted for it by "a lucky investment," and had shown so many moods since that Ruby had brief time for brooding over any one. Through them all, however, she had remained faithful to her vow, although many of her friend's wiles were becoming clear to her.

As the spring advanced it was Leigh who became moody. During the Easter vacation she worked furiously at certain scientific drawings for one of the departments. Ruby vaguely guessed that she needed money, but since Leigh had been meeting financial crises all her life, the thought did not bring any especial uneasiness to Ruby. As April passed Leigh's face grew dark. One day Ruby found her in Clorinda's room. Both girls were plainly excited. Clorinda was cold, and Leigh was cross. She frowned upon Ruby and left the room without a word.

"I'm sorry I can't help Leigh Dalton out of her scrape," said Clorinda. "I wish people didn't always want things at the

wrong time. I've got heaps of bills of my own to pay."

It was May Day morning when Ruby dragged the truth out of Leigh. The freshman had hurried, with a troop of her boisterous classmates, to gain conspicuous standing room about the *porte cochere* from which point on the hilltop they could watch the annual hoop rolling of the seniors. Ruby stood near the circle, where she might snatch the hoop from Leigh as soon as the mournful exercises should be over.

"There they come! There they come!" shouted high voices, and straightway a disorganized yell was let loose from the crowd.

Down the steep roadway of the opposite hill, and up the dusty incline of the college drive rushed the puffing seniors. Black gowns and angel sleeves flapped in the wind, little white sticks pattered crazily, and dizzy hoops rolled and tumbled at all angles. When the romping black figures reached the level circle, where the falling hair and hot faces could be recognized, wild applause, interspersed by appropriate

junior jeers, broke from the throng. Slowly the silent figures swung round the gravel, solemnly the line wound itself into mysterious circles, and eagerly the lower class girls watched the hoops of which they were to become the proud possessors. Ruby gazed and cheered, but she did not find Leigh's face. She was pushing her way through the tumultuous crowd that poured into College Hall, when she espied Leigh, gownless and hoopless, squirming through the corridor. Ruby bounded after.

"Leigh, I want my hoop."

Leigh continued her abstracted squirming.

"Leigh! Leigh Dalton!" Ruby raised her mighty voice above the hum of the crowd, and waved her arm over the heads that surged between them.

Leigh wriggled into a niche made by a door, and waited.

"I want my hoop, and where's your gown? Leigh, what's the matter?"

For Leigh's eyes were heavy and her

face was flushed with something besides hoop rolling.

"My hoop's at home. I'm not a little kid. I'm grown up."

Her voice was infinitely sad.

"Come out doors," commanded Ruby, as she folded Leigh under her arm.

"Why weren't you a kid?" asked Ruby, when they were seated on a sunny corner of the south porch.

"Look at those broken hoops on the path. Don't they make you feel young?"

"You kid!" answered Leigh. Her eyes filled.

"Oh, don't do that, Leigh. Where were you this morning?"

"In Miss Turner's room. On business."

"Oh." Ruby accepted the repulse.

Leigh made a dash in the air with her handkerchief.

"It's just money matters. Nothing you could understand."

"I'll bet I could find a way out."

"Not if I can't."

Ruby mused.

"Clorinda refused to help you the other night, didn't she?"

"How do you know?"

"She said she was sorry she couldn't make things easier for you, but—

"But what———?"

"Oh, she had a lot of bills herself, she said."

"It's all Clorinda's own fault!" exclaimed Leigh angrily.

"You mean that she doesn't pay her bills?"

"No. That she doesn't pay mine—— She owes me money."

"Clorinda Treverton owes you money? I don't believe it."

"I've got her note for two hundred dollars. I didn't mean to tell you, though."

"How did you get it?"

"I lent her the money."

"You old chump!"

"Fire away, kid."

"What did you lend Clorinda that money for? She's awfully extravagant. And she's lots richer than you are."

"It was last fall. She was in debt, and she had to pay or leave college. I borrowed the money for her."

"You old chump! It's just like you though. But what's the matter? She'll pay it in time, won't she?"

"I don't know, but I've got to have it now. Time's up. You see I gave Miss Turner my note, too."

Ruby pouted over this complication a moment. Then, "Miss Turner won't care," she ventured reassuringly.

"But she does care. She's as kind as she can be, but I could see how disappointed she was. I told her I would surely have it the last week in April."

"What a bad business woman you are!"

"But Clorinda seemed to have money."

"Clorinda Treverton is an——." Then Ruby remembered her vow. "Never mind, Leigh. Please don't take it so hard. You always have found a way out, you know."

"I never disgraced myself before," said Leigh.

She would not be comforted, and soon went disconsolately in to the library.

Ruby sat in the sun and thought hard for ten minutes. Then she went in and despatched a letter to her father. He had always cared so much about Leigh. And Ruby herself loved Leigh Dalton a thousand times more than Clorinda Treverton. She hated Clorinda.

She carefully ignored Miss Treverton the remainder of the week. When at length she sought her, she went timidly to a sunny spot on the Tupelo shore where she knew Clorinda liked to lounge in spare periods.

"Hello, Miss Ruby. You looking for me?"

Clorinda's large white teeth were gleaming.

"Yes. Are you studying?"

"Me, studying? Bless your heart! Did you ever see me study?"

"When do you do it?"

"In the dead of night. Never when the blessed sun shines. Let's go on the lake."

"I can't."

THE LAKE AND SETTEES

This, from Ruby to Clorinda, was staggering. Clorinda leaned against a tree and regarded the freshman from under half-closed lids. Ruby lowered her eyes and began nervously digging up the moss.

"I've just come on an errand."

She drew from her belt a letter, and from that a strip of blue paper.

"I just wanted to ask you to give this to Leigh Dalton to-day."

For the fraction of a second Clorinda's eyes became round. She took the paper languidly and read it with half closed eyes. It was a draft on New York, made out in her name.

"What is this for?"

"For Leigh."

"She's been blabbing, has she?"

Clorinda sat erect with uptilted chin.

"No, Clorinda, I got it out of her almost accidentally. I didn't mean to, and she didn't either."

"You've been prying into my affairs, you sentimental cub. I didn't think you were a sneak."

"Here's a pen. It's got to be endorsed, you know—made over to Leigh. 'Pay to Leigh Dalton or order, on the back."

"I won't do it. It's my money. Why should you dictate to me?"

"Because I gave it to you. You are in debt to me now. It's my money. Father had put it in the bank for me. And I don't care whether you ever pay it or not."

Ruby grew restless under Clorinda's persistent gaze.

"Don't, Clorinda!" she cried.

Clorinda's face glowed and smiled.

"Honey, chile, what's come over you?" she said.

"Don't talk that way," pleaded Ruby. "You know you can make me lose my head. But I know you, just the same."

"Of course you know me," agreed Clorinda's hearty voice.

"I've stood up for you all winter when people said things about you, because I had made a vow to believe in you till I knew you were—were n't sincere."

"Well?"

"Well, I know how you treated Leigh, and I want you to make it up to her."

"You really want to help me out?"

"Yes—you and Leigh. I want you to write Leigh's name now."

Clorinda wrote it.

"I suppose you'll take this check to her and have a grand scene."

"It's a draft. No. You send it to her. I don't want Leigh to know."

"You want her to think I sent it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then you like me, after all. You're a darling, Ruby. I could kiss you for this."

"Don't. It's for Leigh, more than for you. Don't you see, Clorinda? I liked you, but I can't like you any more, as I did before——"

"Before I owed you money. Of course, chile."

Clorinda was on her feet, moving swiftly toward college.

"You have insulted me enough this morning, Miss Ruby Graham. I may owe you money, but I owe you nothing else.

I will never accept a thing from you, again."

"Please don't, Clorinda."

"Don't talk to me."

"Well then, I won't," returned Ruby. Her round eyes snapped. "I won't talk to you any more. I can't bear you, anyway. You are lovely and you are—deceitful."

Clorinda tossed her head and swept on past the boat house. Ruby wandered unhappily in the opposite direction.

"I suppose this is the end," she mourned, as she trailed off through the budding woods. "I'm sorry for her, and I hate myself. But if I hadn't been a ninny I couldn't have helped Leigh."

SUBMERGED

Submerged

I

THE 10.50 period was over; the hum that resounded through College Hall announced that the 11.45 had not yet begun. The fourth-floor centre was filled with groups of upper-class girls, shifting in kaleidoscopic fashion to compare note books or to discuss the probability of a quiz. Near the railing, a little apart from the throng, stood two seniors in cap and gown, to whom approached a third in golf skirt and shirt waist.

"Admire my head-dress?" she asked, pointing to the scarlet leaves stuck in her dark hair as a red man wears his feathers.

"Hannah!" exclaimed her immaculate roommate, "I wish you'd comb your hair. And look at the burrs on your skirt!"

"My hair is all right, Honey. It's what Dr. Greene calls 'blown hair,' and it's more

becoming this way. I'll take the burrs off in class. You ought to have some yourselves, you two old pokes. I've been round the lake. Did it in a period!"

"You exult as if you had done Heraclitus in a period," remarked Anna Penhallow, a tall, fair, fine featured girl who had been pointed out to the freshmen as president of the Christian Association. "I don't believe you've put your nose into a book."

"Not to-day. I read up on the old gentleman last week. Why, don't you know the sun shines, you old chump? And the woods are raining red and yellow leaves? To come to philosophy at all, on a day like this, is the most unphilosophical deed I know. If I didn't respect Dr. Greene more than any other faculty in college—"

"Because she admires your hair?" inquired Mollie, the incorruptible roommate.

"You idiot! Anyhow, I don't fall asleep under her adorable nose, as you do, even if it is an 11.45 Think of those poor freshmen down there," she continued, by way of diversion, "Math. 1 at 11.45 is the sleepiest and hungriest course in college."

The three classmates stood looking down at the galleries about the open centre. A subdued buzz came from a shadowy company leaning over the second floor railing far down on a level with the tops of the palms. The third floor was noisy with eager or anxious freshmen, many of whom bobbed their heads contentedly in response to the slightly patronizing recognition from seniors in the upper galleries.

As Mollie turned toward the lecture room, Hannah pulled her back.

"Look! Look at those two freaks! Who are they?"

"I don't see any freaks."

"Well, here's a chance for Mollie Maynard to acknowledge the existence of a freak. Down there! See? Third floor, alone, by the south railing, with crocheted collars on their shoulders. They are looking straight at us. Some of your young friends, I'll bet an Allegretti. Oh, lordy, look at the slick hair on the long-faced one!"

"And the crinkled curls on the round one," continued the Christian Association president.

Mollie had disappeared.

"Ish presarve us!" exclaimed Hannah in another minute. She had a fondness for apostrophizing Ishbosheth or any other biblical personage whose name lay in her mind as a relic of sophomoric misery. "Ish presarve us! There's young Mollie talking to them. Look at them beam! I knew they were some of her freaks."

"Mollie's all right!" said Anna warmly.

"She would be if she didn't go to those moody prayer-meetings so much."

"How do you know whether they are moody or not?"

"I know how they affect homesick and susceptible freshmen. I'll wager my new hat that she's asking those poor things to prayer-meeting tonight."

"She might do worse. But they generally come without being asked. Name's Johnson, I think. They live at the Eliot. Mollie took them to the Association reception because she thought nobody else would choose them. She'll be late. There's the bell. We saved a seat for you."

As the door of the lecture room closed, Mollie Maynard hastily gathered up her gown and sat down beside Hannah, already busy with burrs.

"Ask 'em to prayer-meeting?" whispered the latter scornfully.

"No. I asked them to come and meet my roommate this evening. I said you wanted to know them."

"The next two lectures," announced Dr. Greene, "will be devoted to the development of the Heraclitean doctrine, and its influence on later Greek thought."

And straightway all speculation about freshmen faded from Hannah's philosophic mind.

Mollie Maynard was the only girl in Hannah's immediate circle of friends who had what she called the prayer-meeting habit. She heartily admired her roommate's delicate and sure poise of character, which, by its very consistency, often rebuked her own irregularities of conduct. Yet she could not sympathize with Mollie's habit of giving expression to what Hannah considered

her prejudiced and almost sentimental religious feeling, and she was always a little scornful of her friend's "missionary labors." These Johnsons, she knew, must be Mollie's latest attempt in that line. They needed it, perhaps, although she was inclined to regard them as hopeless. When evening approached she found herself desiring to omit her roommate's tea party. She strolled into the student's parlor after dinner, and remained there in animated talk with certain attractive freshmen whom she entertained royally while she considered in another lobe of her brain, whether they would do as members of her society. When she left them, "I'll not speak to another freshman tonight," she thought. "I'll go up to the psychology lab., I'll go down to the house. No, I'll get my note book and hide in the library." To get the note book she was obliged to go to her own room. The sudden hum of steps and voices in the corridors warned her that prayer-meeting was over. She ran up the stairs. When she reached 96 she listened a moment to

assure herself that there was no talking within; then she flung open the door.

Seated precisely on the edge of the couch before her, were the Misses Johnson. The crude red and blue of their cashmere frocks, to which the crocheted collars had been transferred, flashed inharmoniously against the dull fabrics of the cushions, and the attitude of the wearers seemed to betray a half consciousness of the incongruity of their presence in the room of the senior who had been kind to them. Just now they were looking with untroubled eyes at the graceful figure in the doorway. Hannah's poise expressed polite uncertainty.

"Excuse me—can you tell me where Mollie Maynard is?" she questioned, secure in their ignorance of her identity.

"You are her roommate, are n't you?" asked the curly haired one, blushing and smiling in sudden modesty.

Miss Moore was sufficiently rebuked.

"Yes, I am," she admitted, extending her hand. "And I remember now that you must be Miss Johnson. You are both Miss

Johnson, aren't you? But you see I thought you were coming with Mollie."

"Miss Maynard said she was going to get some water," returned the curly haired one. "She took her little tea kettle. I am Charlotte, because I'm the youngest. Jenny, she's Miss Johnson."

"Mollie wasn't very polite, in my opinion," remarked their hostess, to make conversation after the limp hands had been touched. "She might have waited till I came."

"Oh, no! We wanted her to go," explained Miss Johnson, on a sudden venture.

"We said we would look at the things," continued Miss Charlotte, as her sister realizing that she had broken silence, stopped abruptly. "They are all so pretty! Miss Maynard has the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

She could not have made a happier speech. Mollie Maynard and Hannah Moore were a pair of friends who disagreed about many matters, but whose taste met in a rare unanimity on the subject of room

decoration. Both had the wish and Hannah had the money, to make it the most artistic and uncollegiate room in College Hall. Hannah's pride was so well satisfied by this commendation of it that she did not trouble to insist upon her ownership of most of the "things."

"Perhaps some of them are yours," suggested Miss Johnson politely.

"Oh, yes. Of course we go shares. Do inspect anything you like to look at. On that bookcase by the window are many of Miss Maynard's possessions."

The two girls rose with alacrity and walked to opposite corners. Hannah stood in the middle of the room regarding her guests. Miss Charlotte was wrinkling her small forehead and dragging her finger across the bindings of Mollie's books.

"How much Miss Maynard knows!" she sighed.

"Oh, not such a lot," returned Miss Maynard's roommate. "She's the best girl in the college, but there are a few things Mollie doesn't know—except in Math.

She is a shark in Math. She has been a tutor ever since we were sophomores."

"That's an awful long time," said Miss Johnson, while her sister was finding breath to voice a new idea.

"A tutor? Do they let freshmen take lessons of her? O I wish I could! Could I?"

"Yes, I should think very likely you might," thoughtfully replied Miss Moore. "All you've got to do you know, is to tell your instructor that you think Math. is hard, and you would like to have a tutor. Then she will recommend Miss Maynard."

"Jennie, do you hear that? We can tutor with Miss Maynard!"

Miss Johnson, inspecting the opposite wall, turned her head to say, "Yes, but even that wouldn't make Math. easy. I can't do it. What's that?"

She pointed to a tiny transparent green glass on Hannah's desk.

"That's just a liqueur glass."

"What's written on it?"

"A quotation from Wagner. I found it in Germany last summer."

Miss Johnson was evidently impressed by the mention of Germany. She scanned her entertainer with a new interest, to which, however, she gave no expression. She changed the subject with an effort.

"Those are queer faces," she said, indicating a row of exquisitely modeled tragic masks hung across the bedroom door.

"I like them," exclaimed Hannah, with more enthusiasm than she had felt before. "I have spent hours before the glass trying to make my face take on those expressions. See!"

Mollie, tea kettle in hand, opened the door just then, to behold her roommate in rigorous heroic attitude. The soft, dark silk of her gown gleamed modishly under the electric light; her handsome young face was transformed into the agonized countenance of a tragic personage. The two guests were staring at her, one in dark astonishment, the other in childish glee.

"Stand, bold adventurer!" exclaimed the tragedian, flourishing a hairpin dagger at the intruder.

"Lend me your vessel for to drink my fill,
Or by my trusty steel I'll drink your blood!"

"Peace, fool, peace!" replied her roommate, calmly. "She is not crazy, girls. Her mad moods are a little startling to strangers, but I'm glad she was here to amuse you, while I was looking all over college for her."

When Mollie Maynard had seated herself behind the tea table, the room took on a different aspect. Foreign photographs, strange little ornaments, even furniture, lost their individual attractiveness and fell into a delicate background for this high-bred face and figure. In sudden content at her presence, the two freshmen forgot to look at the "things," they even forgot to wonder at the peculiarities of Miss Moore, who seemed to them rather a guest like themselves, than one of their hostesses.

Miss Moore retired to the bedroom to heave her own private sigh of relief, and to readjust various hairpins and combs. When she drew the portiere aside again, and stepped into the other room, the freshmen

were both talking at once. Charlotte, seated in the middle of the floor, let her words tumble out heedlessly, while her sister commented in stacatto on what Charlotte said. Hannah interrupted the talk to give them the steaming cups that Mollie had just filled. She had not questioned their taste for lemon and cloves in tea, but they accepted the feast equally without question, and ate and drank appreciatively.

To avoid the threatened extinction of conversation, Mollie inveigled her roommate into relating certain tales of their own freshmen days. The four eyes over the tea cups grew round and big with astonishment at such daring exploits. Just as Hannah's spirits began to flag, Anna Penhallow entered to the rescue, with a short girl whose boyish smile extended well over her round face. It was a winsome face, and very fair, despite the freckles that crowded it even to the roots of the curly yellow hair. She was introduced to the Misses Johnson as "Miss Gwendolen Milton, a sophomore, commonly called

Johnnie, because she is so unlike her grandfather's fourth cousin's great uncle, the poet."

"I'm not exactly proud of my Uncle John," began Miss Milton, when she had helped herself to a handful of wafers and braced her fat form comfortably against a bookcase. "In fact, I'm ashamed of everything he ever wrote. I can make funnier verses myself. I'll say some to you, sometime. But I am to ask you people to come and see us make fudge."

"This is your usual way of 'making' fudge, Johnnie," said Mollie, handing her a second cup of tea: the first had gone at a gulp. "You'll get back in time to eat it."

"That's the beauty of a roommate," responded the unperturbed one. "Miss Johnson I hope you have learned to make fudge."

"No; but I know what it is. A girl gave me some once, and it's very nice."

A pause followed. "I guess we'd better be going," announced Charlotte. "Jenny—?"

"Yes, I guess so, too," said Jenny.

They rose and stood uncertainly. Mollie gave them her hand in turn.

"The next time you come we'll show you how to make fudge. Come soon."

"You must come and see us," responded the girls in unison; then Jenny shifted her attention to Miss Moore. "I'm happy to know you," she managed to say, and then edged awkwardly to the door.

"We've had such a good time," said Charlotte. "It's just like a story. Good-bye, everybody!"

Almost before the door closed, a hoarse shout of inquiry went up from Gwendolen Milton.

"Where did you find those chumps?"

"They are inoffensive, at least," said Miss Penhallow. "But the poor things will have a hard time."

"Well, what's the matter with them, anyway, besides being the worst freaks in college? Who are they?" persisted Johnnie.

"They are poor, and they came from some little manufacturing town—Brockton, or Rock Bottom—and their mother is dead.

They don't speak much about their father, although they have one, and they feel like ducks in a swan pond," ended Mollie.

"Come along, girls," said Hannah, abruptly, "let's try Johnnie's fudge."

"I can't," said Anna, "and neither can Mollie. We have association committee work."

"Well, I'll bring you some if there's any left," promised Johnnie, politely, as she clattered her cups down on the bookcase. "Come, Nan, I'll say my poem on the way."

Hannah laughed, and threw an arm indulgently over Johnnie's shoulder, as they strode off together, to the marked emphasis of Johnnie's strong voice:

"There was a horrid Japanese,
Whose face was always livid.
He dwelt in awful filth and grease,
Now ain't that picture vivid?"

And a minute later the evening silence of the corridor succeeded to the sound of their footsteps and laughter.

COLLEGE BUILDINGS

II

AS the winter term sped over the shortening days, everybody settled into the routine of the week's work and the habit of spending the few idle hours of each day with a small and unvarying group of friends. Even a girl of as many whims as Hannah Moore soon found herself doing the things she was expected to do. In the midst of the winter's distractions she thought little of the two freshmen who had given her a bad quarter of an hour. She knew them to be laboring with Mollie, and she knew that Mollie had taken them to see her perform in a Barnswallow play. Although she was glad that Mollie had not persistently brought them to Room 96, she secretly admired her roommate for sustaining a kindness which had been shown in the first place as one habitually shows kindness to a new girl. Hannah was quite willing that

Mollie should carry on her home missionary work without asking her help. Her own conscience was clear of any charge of neglect in the case of these particular freshmen, who would naturally prefer the comfort to be found in the Thursday evening prayer meetings to any consolation she could have given. When she thought of them at all, she thought as one thinks of many an unknown girl who appears at rare intervals in the eddies of the swiftest currents of college life. At midyears, Mollie told her they had both failed in mathematics and English, those two severest tests of a freshman's habit of thought, and that Jenny was ill. It was feared that she might need to go home.

Several weeks of senior responsibility followed before Hannah met the younger girl in the village. It was a wet day early in March. Water stood in the icy streets and gathered in slush at the edge of snow patches. Through the drenching mist a blurred form took shape, and Charlotte's round, damp face emerged from the clouds,

with Charlotte's usually tight curls now drooping in stiff obtuse angles about her ears. Her friendly smile was so nearly wistful that Hannah stopped.

"Sorry we're going in opposite directions, Miss Johnson. How is your sister coming on?"

"She's gone."

"Gone? Left college, you mean?"

"Yes'm. She was in the hospital, and now she's taken her things and gone home."

"Just lately?"

"Today. Just now. I live alone, now Won't you come in?"

There was again a hint of wistfulness in the studied politeness of this inquiry. Hannah looked across at the bare walls of the Eliot, where the ancient woodbine which lent the only line of grace to the ugly house, now shook the moisture from its long, leafless sprays. None of Hannah's friends had lived here; she did not know that life could be as bright and joyous behind those plain walls as at Norumbega or College Hall.

"I should like to go in," she said, surprising herself, "that is, if you are on your way home."

It was a plain little room to which Charlotte led her guest. She explained that she had just moved into it from the larger one that she and Jenny had shared together, so her things were not all out; but she had hung the pictures to make it cosy. Her pride in these possessions touched Hannah's art-loving heart. She had noticed them on entering the room, for they hung at wavering angles against the wall,—unframed cardboards on which were mounted, with shiny evidence of mucilage, woodcuts of young and well-dressed ladies listening, in garden or ballroom, to the words of attentive young gentlemen in elegant attire. Charlotte hastened to call her visitor's attention to her one framed picture of a sad looking young girl in black. Charlotte said that her Sunday-school teacher had given it to her when she left home, and it was called, "Alone, or, the Soul's Awakening."

"It was very good of her to give you something for your room. Were you fond of her?" asked Hannah. It was impossible not to fall into a softened mood before these evidences of commonplace sentimentality.

"Oh, yes! She's just lovely, almost as lovely as Miss Maynard, but not as pretty. She was the bookkeeper at the factory."

"Was she? She must have been clever at figures. What sort of a factory was it?"

"Oh, the shirt factory—where we worked."

"Oh, yes—no—I did n't know—" Hannah stopped.

"I forgot," exclaimed Charlotte. "Talking about her made me say it,—and you seem almost like Miss Maynard, and I thought you knew, somehow. Well, it's true. Jenny and I, we worked in the factory ever since I got through grammar school. But that's a secret. You must n't tell." Charlotte smiled mysteriously.

"No, indeed, of course not. It's an interesting secret. Do you want to tell me the rest?"

"Why, there isn't any more."

"But where were you prepared?"

"Well, you see, we went to night school, because Miss Mahoney—she's the one who gave me that picture—she wanted us to. And the night school teacher told us if we kept on, mebbe we'd get to college, some day. She'd been to Wellesley, and we thought it must be lovely."

"Yes, we all used to think that."

"Yes, you know. And then the teachers at night school got a rich lady to give us money for a year at college. So we stayed out of the factory two years and went to high school, and that's how we came. It is just like a story here, I think."

There was a pause before Hannah found anything to say. Her mind was full of things she could not say.

"I should think you'd find the work here rather hard."

"Oh, I don't know. The dean says my preparation was bad, and Jenny thought the work was hard. Why, she cried 'most all the time. But I don't mind much. I

dropped English, and Math. too, so I could tutor with Miss Maynard. And I passed history. Only think! A whole three-hour course! Jenny didn't. She cried so she couldn't pass a thing. But I passed Bible, too. I just love history, don't you? All about people?"

"I can't say I love it very hard," responded Hannah. "Was Jenny ill because she cried?"

"Yes, and they sent her home. They let me stay because I promised to tutor hard, and—and I cried because I wanted to stay. College is lovely and so are the girls."

"They are not lovely at all," said Hannah, realizing that there had been quite enough weak sentiment expressed. "They're a very good sort, on the whole, but there are plenty of freaks, you know."

"What's a freak?"

"Oh, just a freak. Not like ordinary girls—"

She broke off, awkwardly conscious of the odd figure before her.

"I guess that was what Charlie meant when he told me to do just what other girls did. And I've done it. He said he didn't want them to think I was queer. I'm going to have a dress like that one you wore in the play, after I've gone to work again next summer."

"Glad you admire my costumes, but that was a borrowed one. I hope Charlie will like the gown. He is your—?"

"Why, we're engaged! He's foreman in the factory, and he gets dandy wages. That's his picture on the bureau."

Hannah looked, but found it impossible to comment on Charlie's beauty. She compromised.

"Your names are a good deal alike."

"Yes. Ain't it wonderful! But he calls me Cherry because—well, it's different, you know." Charlotte blushed a moment in silence; then she said:

"Nobody knows but you and Miss Maynard."

"All right," said Hannah. "You are a little trump to tell me. Mollie never said

a word. We don't suspect how romantic our neighbors are, here at college."

"Oh, it's college that's romantic, not me. But tell me, is Miss Maynard engaged?"

"No—not yet. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. She's been so good about Charlie. And she didn't tell?"

"No."

"Not anything?"

"No, except that you were tutoring. I was glad of that, because Mollie needs the money."

"Money! Why she doesn't get paid, does she? Is it like being on the faculty?"

Hannah's thought groped an instant before it fastened on Mollie's secret.

"Oh—yes—it's something like that. The more pupils she has, the more money she gets, you see. Good-bye. I'm glad I came. May I come again?"

"What a funny question! I'm real glad, too. I guess I was a little lonesome after Jenny went. Good-bye!" she called from the big porch, where she stood watching the flying golf cape of her late guest, until

it vanished in the fog. Then she ran contentedly down to the basement to do the daily hour of domestic work which entitled her to board in this particular house at unusually low rates.

Charlotte always enjoyed this break in the day's routine of books and study. She liked to feel that when she was chattering over the potatoes, or washing the dishes with the other girls, she was really helping to "make the college go." It was like attending to your own little section of machinery at the factory. Charlotte did not understand her housemates very well; they seemed strangely concerned about their lessons, yet most of them seemed not to have conditions. Their love of fun and their bewildering propensity to practical jokes astonished Charlotte, when she remembered how doggedly she had seen these same girls studying. She was as unappreciative of their cleverness as she was of the dowdiness of some among them, or the careful tidiness of others who never looked shabby. She never thought of them, or of

herself, as poor, because the life among them was so much richer than that in the shabby little house near the factory where she and Jenny had boarded for two and a half dollars a week, with an irate aunt.

This afternoon when the other girls had left her to finish her delayed work alone, her thoughts travelled persistently after her sister. Jennie would be much happier at home and she would go back to the factory after a time. A lump would come in Charlotte's throat when she thought of the strange girl in the place next to Jenny's, and of Charlie walking jauntily down the room in his shirt sleeves. She knew how he would have smiled at her, and then pretended not to notice her again. At such moments Charlotte heard the whirr and rumble of the heated shop, and forgot all about her dream of beautiful, care-free college girls.

III

WHEN the spring vacation was over and Charlotte had come back to her single room after a week at home with Jenny and Charlie, the weary homesickness fell upon her more often. She began to feel shut in—away from everybody. The dream had turned around; and sometimes the murky streets and the free comradeship of hearty-voiced girls and young men seemed more to be desired than a family of good-natured students who talked among themselves of things that could not concern her. Charlotte had begun to notice that her ready talk received little attention and infrequent response; she noticed that nobody ever knocked at her door. All the time the teachers were advising her to work harder, and the dean had told her that there would be no opportunity for her to make up the work another year, and that, because of

her failure, the right of certification had been withdrawn from the school that sent her. The significance of this announcement did not trouble Charlotte much, but the dean's face and voice had made her want to cry. She was determined to think as little as possible of lessons, and to enjoy living out her story. There were many exhilarating,happy days. When the brown things turned green, and grassy slopes were sprinkled with new shadows, and the rhododendrons leaned over the lake to double their heavy red blooms, Charlotte felt herself in Paradise. The mysterious preparation for Tree Day filled her with wonder. There were to be dances on the campus in the afternoon light, and her classmates had been divided into groups, in order that they might be trained for the different dances. She couldn't do the steps as the others did theirs; she was disappointed when it was decreed that she should be taken from the dance, and put into a squad of girls who were told to "stand round and look pretty during the

dances." Even the comfort of this insidious compliment vanished while she watched the fascinating movement of the girl who was to do alone a part of the most difficult figure. Charlotte thought how the hundreds of spectators on the green hillside would applaud the girl's bewitching grace.

Tree Day dawned clear, as Tree Day always dawns. But alas for Wellesley traditions! No sooner had the freshmen marched sweetly and proudly forth, in all the gaudy splendor of a mardigras procession, than sudden twilight fell upon hills and hollows, and the splashing rain scattered some twelve hundred women in a mad rush for the nearest shelter. A motley collection of scampering figures it was, faculty, alumnæ, and students, figures in academic cap and gown racing with long-stepping Japanese maidens who, a moment before had been mincing along with fluttering fans. Mardigras jesters ran with trustees, and jeering sophomores in fantastic garb chased the crestfallen freshman aids and orators, whose faces

TREE DAY

were as pathetic as their damp muslin, into the shelter of the thronged College Hall corridors. When it was too late for the fun to be continued, the sun shone again, and Charlotte, still happy in her bedraggled gaudiness, wandered off toward Stone Hall and the border of the lake. She bailed out a boat that was locked to the little pier, and seated herself in the far end to think and wonder. Her mind was full of the pageant she had seen, and, for a brief moment, been a part of. The late sun shining warmly on dripping leaves and meadow grass quickened her thought of how it would have looked finally—that winding procession across the smooth campus, of black-gowned seniors, and Japanese juniors, and farcical sophomores caricaturing the departments of the college, and, last of all, that long, handsome line of freshmen, in their rich and sparkling costumes of every imaginable design. She drew forth a block of paper and a ten-cent fountain pen that she had hastily borrowed at college, and wrote to Charlie just how

she thought it would have been. It seemed unkind, besides spoiling the story, to tell him that there had never been any such procession, so she wrote on enthusiastically, of the bewildering beauty of a real Wellesley Tree Day. The dances were the very nicest part of it, she said, and the freshman dances were the prettiest of all. They did it out of doors on the green grass at the foot of the hill, and there was a figure where one girl had to dance alone before all the people. She danced forward and backward, and she turned round and round slowly in her long yellow skirts, and everybody clapped and cheered, and the girl, she got so hot, and dizzy, and flurried, with all the people watching, but she was happier than she had ever been before in her life. And could he guess who that pretty dancing girl was? Because if he couldn't, she was not any more his loving little Cherry.

The next morning brought a settled rain and the customary appointments. There was the usual pushing line in the post-office

corridor just before nine o'clock, and the usual patient, but far from silent crowd surging about the elevator. An excitement at the "Lost and Found" bulletin board worked its noisy way to the outskirts of the throng. There was a shrill laugh, then the laughter of many voices, then the eager, explosive questioning of many more. Charlotte, who had succeeded in zigzagging her way back from the post-office, now forced herself farther into the mass of curious girls. The sudden movement of a fresh dozen into the elevator brought her nearer the board, just as a gleeful junior leaped upon a bench and began reading in clear tones the placard that now stared Charlotte in the face.

FOUND!

The only authorized version of

1902's *Tree day*

A TRUTHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE FESTIVAL

By applying at 156 *C. H.*

LOVING LITTLE CHERRY

May recover a letter to

HER DEAR DARLING CHARLIE

No questions asked

The peal of derisive laughter had hardly diminished when the nine o'clock bell sent most of the students hustling over the stairs. Charlotte was too stupified to listen to their comments. She waited for the elevator and tried to step into it with a smile on her face, as though she, too, were amused at the placard. "Its a manufactured joke," somebody was saying. "No college girl would be freak enough to write such a silly letter."

"Who lives in 156?"

The question startled Charlotte, she did not hear the answer given in the corridor, as the elevator door was slammed at the third floor. She went up till she could go no farther, and when she stepped out at the fifth floor, she promptly walked down stairs, her thoughts still in commotion. She hated them. She hated them every one.

Arrived at the second floor, she peered furtively over the stairway. There it hung, the cruel placard, mocking the silence of the place. One or two stragglers passed

on, to the post-office. She waited till they came back and disappeared down the corridor, before she ventured as far as the first landing. Then she sped down the stairs, sprang across to the bench beneath the boards, and leaped up to snatch the card from under the one glittering thumb tack. As she stepped down with the placard in her hand, she found herself face to face with Hannah Moore.

"Who did it?" panted Charlotte.

Hannah stopped before this sudden vision of fury holding out before her a placard too large for concealment. It labelled her.

"Give it to me!" demanded Hannah. She slipped it from the unresisting fingers, and scanned it more carefully. Rage filled her. She knew who lived in 156. She looked again at Charlotte. The blazing eyes were dimmed by tears now, and the trembling lips tried in vain to frame some words. She pointed mutely at the board.

"Come with me," Hannah said. She put her arm about the girl and led her away toward her own room.

"Nobody shall know," she said fiercely, "and I'm going to whip the girl who did it. She wouldn't have done it if she had known you."

"They—all—laughed," whispered Charlotte, "and they'd laugh—just the same—if—they knew it was me. They'd call me—freak." She shook over the word.

"No, they wouldn't laugh if they knew. They'd more likely cry," returned Hannah, who felt a little queer round the eyes and nose. "See, here's Mollie," she said, as she opened the door.

Mollie held out a hand. Charlotte flung her arms about Mollie's neck, and Mollie's comforting arms closed round her.

"She'll tell you about it," said Hannah, answering her roommate's glance. "Look! I'm going to take this with me." She held out the card, then walked out, and angrily up stairs to 156.

"John Milton," she said, appearing unceremoniously to Gwendolen, "you're the meanest girl I know. Give me that letter!"

She held the placard ominously before

the culprit, who grinned with exasperating coolness.

"Well, Cherry! Hello, Cherry! glad to make your acquaintance. Oh, my uncle! I little thought of convicting the admirable Miss Moore. Charlie must have his letter, must he? But look here, Hannah—no fooling—tell me about it. You're not a freshman, you know, and besides, this isn't your writing."

She produced some crumpled sheets of paper.

"I found it last night by the lake. I'll read it to you, if you want to see the entire deliciousness of the joke."

"I see enough, thank you. Please give me the letter."

"Will you take it now, or wait till you get it? It's not yours."

"You intimated on this delicate advertisement of yours, that you would ask no questions."

"Oh, come, Nan. Don't get sarcastic. What's the row? I never saw you so dumb about a joke."

"You are perfectly contemptible. If you give me that letter, I'll return it to the owner."

"Tell me who she is, and I'll take it myself."

Hannah's wrathful, commanding face was too much for Johnnie. She cared more for Hannah's opinion than for that of the whole college. The joke had begun to lose its savor. She flung the letter down. Hannah picked it up and moved toward the door.

"You needn't get so mad," began Johnnie. Her plump face drooped in all its lines, and the yellow hair was toppling. Hannah turned. She had never seen Johnnie look so distressed.

"Don't you see how mean you've been? If we were men I should want to flog you."

John got up and stood at the window, regarding the tower of the paint mill rising above the distant trees.

"I will tell you who wrote that letter," continued Hannah, in an even voice that made Johnnie wince. "It was Charlotte Johnson—one of those freshmen freaks

with the crocheted collars. You've made fun of her already. She worked in a factory nearly all her life before she came here. She'd never seen anything beautiful before. She's engaged, as much as a child can be, to the man she calls Charlie, and he is a factory hand, too. I suppose she writes to him about everything that happens—weak, sentimental letters."

Johnnie turned.

"Well, she writes lies, sometimes."

"How do you know?"

"That letter."

Hannah read it without further hesitation. Her eyes filled with tears.

"You see," said Johnnie, "that's why I advertised it. "It's such a lie. 'Twould serve any girl right to be caught. That kid freak dancing!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Johnnie gulped, and blushed honestly.

"I am," she said, and stalked to the window again.

"Don't you see?" continued Hannah. "She had never dreamed till yesterday

what Tree Day could be, and then, when it was spoiled, she had to tell him about it as she thought it would be. And the dancing—that's just a part of her childish vanity. She is weak and vain, and deceitful, too, but she deceives herself most of all."

"Does she know?" Johnnie tossed over her shoulder.

"Yes, she does."

There was a pause.

"I found her tearing it off the board when no one was looking. And now she is in my room, crying as though she would never stop."

"Does she know I live here?"

"No! You can tell her, if you want her to know it—Johnnie," continued Hannah, pausing again at the door, "I'm terribly sorry. I liked you, you know."

She went out. John thoughtfully regarded the distant tower. Then she blew her nose hard, made a dab at her eyes, and flung out of the room. She tramped downstairs to the basement, and through the

express-room door, and started off across country. She was not seen again till dinner time.

Meanwhile, 156 was beleaguered by Johnnie's interested classmates; and Johnnie's popular freshman roommate, who had seen the letter and thought she recognized the labored Spencerian hand, explained that Cherry must be one of those queer Johnson freaks, and the letter was gone, and she didn't know where Johnnie was. She was exceedingly popular that day. And she never understood why her roommate told her fiercely to "shut up," when she began relating her account of the sport after dinner. Johnnie said nothing about the interview she had had with Charlotte at the Eliot that afternoon; but she never permitted any allusion to Charlotte Johnson as the author of the now detested letter. Nor did she vouchsafe any explanation of her avoidance of Hannah Moore, although her roommate plainly saw that there was some trouble between these two friends.

Charlotte herself was more miserable

than she had ever been before. The girls looked at her in a queer way, and some of her classmates tried pointedly to be kind to her. That was hardest of all, for she knew they were kind only because they had heard about that fatal letter. Even the sweet ministrations of Mollie and Hannah failed to comfort her, and the somewhat awkward attentions of Miss Gwendolen Milton, whom she thought she had forgiven, made her long to be alone with her unhappiness. The lovely year of being a college girl was almost over, and she had spoiled it by writing out her dream to Charlie. They had called her a freak. That must be what she was. Perhaps that was why she had not been invited to the parties in the spring. And she had told a lie in the letter—about the dancing—and Hannah and Mollie knew it, even if the others did not. She had not the courage to stay. The first days of examination were spent in tearful longing to be away; and then Mollie helped her pack her few treasures, and went with her to Boston. I

think that was almost worth the unhappiness of the term's experience to Charlotte. She promised to write to Mollie and tell her all about Jenny and the factory. For she meant to go back to work until she and Charlie could save enough money to be married.

"And I shall remember you always, always," she said, impetuously, "for you are the best part of the story, you know."

Mollie and Hannah talked it all over together, when their sad-faced little friend had slipped away. Hannah was still hurt and disappointed at Johnnie's thoughtless action.

"She ought to have thought," she declared, when Mollie upbraided her for being relentless. "And if she had been the girl I took her for, she would have thought. It's that wrong instinct I can't stand in a girl I like."

It was not until Hannah had been an alumna nearly a year, and Johnnie Milton had doggedly plunged along in the path of rectitude all that time, that the bitterness

died away between them. The next Tree Day found them friends.

A LYRICAL INTERLUDE

A Lyrical Interlude

"YOU are the only woman I know who"—

An emphatic knock brought to a sudden end Rebecca's adroit flattery. Miss Haviland, moving to the door, smiled over her shoulder.

"It's just as well not to waste that compliment. Keep it for someone who will believe it. This must be one of our Rhymsters."

It was Betty Smith. Rebecca scowled, because it was always Betty who interrupted her talks with Miss Haviland. Betty greeted hostess and fellow-student with her usual good nature; she frankly liked Miss Haviland and was too simple natured to think of herself in connection with Rebecca's scowl. Moreover, she had weightier cares on her mind.

"Is this all we are to have of the Rhym-

ster's Club?" she asked, as she gave a folded sheet into Miss Haviland's outstretched hand. "Because I came to glean much poetry."

"Does that mean you expect none from present company?" asked Rebecca quickly. "Miss Haviland might resent that."

"Less than Miss Calloway," responded their hostess, who was the founder of the club and the only poet in it. "You were good to come tonight, Betty—and bring a poem, when you ought to be writing editorials."

"Oh, I shall write editorials all night," returned the editor-in-chief, with the calm despair with which one speaks of shopping all day in Boston. "And I shouldn't have come tonight if I weren't on another mad hunt for material. I haven't a line of decent verse to send with the *Magazine* tomorrow."

"Here is Rebecca with an unfailing supply."

Rebecca Calloway winced at Miss Haviland's home thrust, but she stood her ground.

"Yes," she said at once, "you may have the sonnet sequence I brought tonight—if you think it's good enough, Betty."

The editorial brows puckered.

"No sonnet sequence is good enough," came the austere reply. "And besides, we've had your verse for two months now. I want something different—something better than anything we've had. Your sonnets about the cry of the people, and my cradle songs aren't any good. I want a real poem—just a little one."

The wail came from the editor's heart. She was too deeply sunken in discouragement to note the glint of pain and anger in Rebecca Calloway's gray-green eyes. Rebecca's voice summoned her to a consciousness of her own words.

"If you're trying to hunt down a poet, you'd better follow the scent of your little new Rhymster!"

There was bitterness in the tone. Before Betty Smith could reply, Miss Haviland came to the rescue.

"Yes, Betty, where is little Miss Clay tonight?"

"I don't know. You know I never know anything the day before the *Magazine* goes. But I told Edith Talcott to bring her. I hope her little verses won't make me sorry I recommended her."

"We must try not to criticise her work severely at first."

"Whether she can make rhymes or not," continued Rebecca, "she will spoil our congenial company. We are all so used to each other that we could say anything we pleased."

"It will take more than Janet Clay to silence us," said Betty. "And in a few weeks she will voice more heresies than we confess to in a year."

Edith Talcott came from Stone Hall with a poem, but without Miss Clay, whom she had left writing in a feverous effort to finish her poem in time for this her first meeting at the club. Two other members made the circle so nearly complete that the meeting opened, with Rebecca Calloway as reader for the evening. The light that fell over her shoulder upon the papers in her

hand, gleamed also upon the smooth blue-black hair parted above the white brow, and glanced across the silk of her dark bodice. The girls said Rebecca Calloway parted her hair because everyone else wore hers turned loosely back from the forehead; but the real reason was that a white part was more becoming to Rebecca's fine madonna face. She was more than graceful, and something other than beautiful—she was adorable as she sat there where the shadows played about the shifting expressions of her sensitive face. And her voice, full of feeling, but guarded by careful restraint that hinted of unsounded tones behind, loitered over the lines of the first poem until she forced the sympathetic attention of the critic. For whatever her own opinion of the verses might be, Rebecca had the good taste to present the contribution of each number of the club as flatteringly as possible. This kindly effort sometimes forced into a poem more sentiment than it would hold. Tonight the reader was puzzled by the first Elizabethan lyric

she read. She read it hard and solemnly. When the end was reached—

"I suppose it's a song," she said, "since that's the subject for the evening, but what does it mean?"

She looked at Betty heedlessly, for she knew the handwriting to be Betty's. The club remained silent and tried to think it out until Betty Smith gurgled

"It's a *funny* poem! Let me read it."

She planted her short figure near the light and began to read in quick, sharp tones the verses which were quite devoid of sentiment, but which, under the roll of her nimble tongue began to take on the lilt of an Irish jig.

"Now, you needn't criticise this particular Elizabethan lyric," said the editor, as she took her old place on the couch. "I wrote it to-day between dinner bells just because business demanded my presence here tonight, and I was ashamed to come without a contribution."

They were all laughing uproariously at the song and at the sudden turn of senti-

ment—all but Rebecca, who was silently looking over the next poem in wrathful determination to find out in advance whether it was funny. It seemed to be a harmless concoction of birds and hearts and lady's eyes and hawthorn blooms. She was waiting for quiet in the room when a timid knock summoned Miss Haviland to the door.

"Miss Clay!" she said, "We are all glad to have you, for we feared you were not coming."

Little Janet Clay—they all called her little because she looked frail—came in quietly and with less embarassment than her new companions had anticipated.

"My song made me late," she said. "I suppose it's because I'm new and nervous. I wrote it last week, but I did it all over again to-night. Is the meeting at an end?"

She handed a single sheet of paper to Miss Haviland.

"No indeed. You've missed the joke of the evening, that's all."

While the new member was being intro-

duced, the reader for the evening slipped her lyric into the little pile of unsigned verses, so that no one but the writer should know when it was read. Then the poem about the hawthorn bush was read, and criticised for faulty metre.

"I knew there was an extra foot in there," confessed the writer, at length, "but that's what I meant so I had to say it. And you can slide over it quickly."

They were obliged to laugh at Edith Talcott's defence, although they denounced this repetition of her unconquerable weakness. They all gave a little sigh of relief and satisfaction as the opening lines of the third poem hushed their laughter into silence. In the stately rhythm and rich figures Betty Smith recognized the touch of the club's poet, and Rebecca, to whom the handwriting was familiar, let her wondering voice glide deliciously over the words. Before the end was reached, Miss Haviland became suddenly busy with the teacups—a sign to the uncritical that the poem was hers. There was a slight pause when Rebecca's voice fell.

"I 'm sure no one can find fault with that," she said, with appreciative solemnity.

"It sounds like Ben Jonson," ventured Janet Clay.

"I suspect some of the words are borrowed from that gentleman," returned Miss Haviland. "But he never would have been guilty of some of those forced figures."

"No," said Janet innocently, "he never would have talked about the 'fragrance of sunlit marble.'"

"But to leave that out would be to spoil three lines of the poem. It is a true phrase," exclaimed Rebecca warmly.

"Yes, but not conventional, and too sensuous for the rest," persisted Miss Clay—then as she saw the smiles—"Whose is it, yours?" she asked Rebecca. "I really like it ever so much, all but that."

When Miss Haviland confessed her authorship Janet was still unabashed, for her simple thought found no appalling significance in the fact that she had condemned an ill-filling line in the verses of "a faculty." Yet she trembled a little at

what might be said of her own work. She had an affection for this little poem although she knew its weak words and clumsy emphasis better than another could. It was read, at last, and everybody looked astonished, and nobody spoke.

"Shall I read it again?" asked Rebecca.

It covered only a page, but the Rhymsters listened delightedly to the second reading. Was it Rebecca's or Janet Clay's? most of them wondered. Betty Smith knew that although the sentiment and some of the figures might have come from the reader herself, Rebecca Calloway could not have handled so delicately the dainty conceit that wound and unwound its meaning in song-like melody.

"That's the lyric I came to find," said the editor. "May I have it for the *Magazine?*"

She turned unhesitatingly to Janet who colored with nervous pleasure.

"Yes, if you like it. Do you really like it?"

"Shouldn't ask for it if I didn't," was the reply.

The Rhymsters were exceedingly chary of commendation, but they had the impulse to respond to Betty Smith's unstinted approval. The one member who felt obliged to sustain her reputation as critic by faintly condemning an imperfect rhyme, was promptly told that she didn't know assonance when she heard it. There had been doubt about admitting Miss Clay, and many differences of opinion about her power of conforming to the customs of the art-loving little group who took themselves seriously in spite of the jibes of the college. Betty Smith alone had seen any of Janet Clay's verses, but the editor's judgment was to be trusted, however wilfully fantastic her own contributions might be, so little Miss Clay had been invited to come and bring a lyric as nearly Elizabethan as possible. They all had so much encouragement to give her, and they found so many genuine Elizabethan songs by which to test the lilt of hers, that two of the evening's contributions must remain unread. Rebecca explained that hers was too long

to read anyway, and was not strictly a song at all—just a sequence of sonnets on friendship modelled after the Shakespearean form. The girls smiled at this, when they dispersed, for Rebecca Calloway's poems on friendship were almost as numerous as her intimate friends, and her sonnets were invariably Shakespearean. They always admired Rebecca more than they trusted her. She remained to-night to finish her interrupted sentence to Miss Haviland, for she saw Betty Smith tuck Janet Clay under her arm as if she meant to give herself the pleasure of a quick walk to Stone Hall before beginning her midnight vigil of writing editorials and punctuating, and cutting yards of copy.

The appearance of the *Magazine* furnished table talk for at least one dinner each month. Everybody read and commented freely upon the poor taste of the editors in publishing this or that. Any rare indication of fun in a *Magazine* story was greeted with applause, but the verse received usually with perfect justice, the loud

jeers or the silent contempt of the college public. Betty Smith, believing that the taste of the student body was right, in the main, even when it might be unintelligent, foresaw disapprobation for her November number. There was no fun in it. The two longer stories ended tragically, and the pages bearing the "Critical Estimate of Cyrano de Bergerac" would remain uncut. She had given Janet's love song a conspicuous position in the hope that those who were learning to skip the poetry would read it. They did read it, and they wished the tantalizing initials R. C. signed modesly at the end, might stand for something besides "Rhyming Clover." A good many confessed to a toleration of the lines that was almost a liking, and straightway forgot all about them. Others became possessed by a literary curiosity that bombarded the Rhymsters with questions and bribes concerning the identity of the writer of the verses. But the club members held to their mutual agreement not to divulge the authorship of an R. C. poem.

There were other members of the college, however, who had no doubt as to the poet. The sentiment was not unfamiliar, the treatment was conventional, the charm of the melody might mean that Rebecca Calloway had at last suddenly caught the grace and clarity without which her clever verse had seemed lifeless. Her friends had half expected her to learn this new touch; now her roommate, who was a prisoner in hospital when the *Magazine* appeared, boldly congratulated her.

Dear Rebecca:—

I always knew you could do something better than that lame verse you wrote last month. I like your love song. Do it some more and dedicate the next one to me. I shall be dead with this cold by that time.

Thank the girls for the flowers and things.

NELL.

This note, while it hit Rebecca's pride, was a good joke on Nell Colter. There would be some jibes when she should be well again, about her power of discrimination. It seemed to her even a funnier joke when a classmate hailed her in the corridor.

MAY DAY

"Hello, Becky, your poem was dandy this time. Perseverance is all you need."

"Glad you liked it," responded Rebecca, with an irony that was entirely lost upon her critic, already vanishing into a south room.

There was no opportunity, and hardly any occasion for denying these and similar charges. When the poem was mentioned Rebecca wore an indifferently secretive smile, as Rhymster's were supposed to do, and neither affirmed nor denied. She could not tell whose it was. The public might accuse any member of the club of having written the song.

The thought of her imputed authorship might have vanished from Rebecca's mind, had not a certain impulsive expression of delight in the poem reached her within the week. Betty Smith found her wrinkling her white brow a little petulantly over a sheet of the note paper covered with large, girlish handwriting.

"What do you do when your freshmen friends admire your literary productions?" she asked, handing the note to Betty.

"They never do; I'm not appreciated," returned Betty.

This is what she read:

My Dear Miss Calloway:—

Do you mind having me tell you how very much I admired your poem in the *Magazine?* It was signed *R. C.*, but I am sure nobody but you could have written it. It sounds just like you. And besides, I have a wager on its being you, so you must not tell me it was n't.

You said I might come and see you. If I were n't afraid I should like to bring some little verses of my own, so you might tell me how bad they are. Would you mind letting me know when? I missed you in chapel this morning.

Most sincerely yours,
RUTH BROWN.

"That wouldn't puzzle me long," said Betty. "I didn't know she was so silly."

"She is not silly, she's just a sweet-hearted child." Rebecca smiled with adorable sympathy as she threw the heavy braids behind her shoulder, and settled herself against a cushion.

"What would you do?" she asked.

"I'd simply tell her that she'd lost her

wager, and that I was neither court fool nor critic."

Rebecca looked meditative.

"You're so different, Betty. I don't think you understand how that might hurt the child. And you must remember that if every Rhymster but one denies having written that absurd little song, the real author will be discovered."

"This letter will not be duplicated," returned Betty coldly. "And if the real writer were discovered I should be very glad. I wanted her name with it, but she insisted on the club initials."

"I should like to write a lyric as good as that," exclaimed Rebecca, with sudden honesty. "When I've revised one or two that I have on hand—"

"But how are you going to answer this letter?" demanded Betty. She feared the conversation might lead to another offer of manuscript which she could not accept.

Rebecca's fine face grew soft and her eyes dreamy.

"I must answer it carefully, because I'm

rather fond of Ruth, and I don't want to hurt her. And if she really can write a little verse I ought not to discourage her. She's very sensitive about what I say. I'd just tell her to come and see me. But isn't it a joke that everybody thinks I wrote little Clay's poem?"

"It's not a very funny one," remarked Betty.

"Your sense of humor never did agree with mine, Betty. I'm going to keep all the notes of my fond friends and show them to Janet Clay, perhaps."

"She ought to have the credit for it now. She's poor, and she will probably write for a living some day."

"This will teach her to sign her own name to things. I never write anonymously, and I mean to write for a living, too, although I'm not likely to claim help on the ground of poverty. It's the art that I care for."

Betty's impatience over Rebecca's slow-moving conscience drove her to Janet Clay with a brief story of the misplaced con-

gratulations. Janet seemed indifferent to the praise of the poem; indeed her pleasure in it was shadowed by sudden distrust of it.

"Do I really write the way she does?" cried the new poet in a wail of sincerity. It was the protest of the artist against the dilletante. There seemed to be no possible soothing reply to it. Betty left her with the consciousness that her half trust of Rebecca had not led her into any wise action on behalf of the injured person.

Rebecca Calloway did not contribute any verse to the next *Magazine*. "She's resting on her laurels," thought Betty, a little unkindly. Neither did she appear at the next meeting of the Rhymster's Club. "It's the only night this week I can see Ruth Brown," she explained to Betty. "She'll bring her verses, so I shall be gaining a proselyte for the club, as you did in the case of our new genius."

"Not exactly as I did," returned Betty. "I'll tell Miss Haviland why you couldn't come."

This threat went home, although the scorn of the first sentence was wasted.

"You'll do no such thing," said Rebecca.

"Please don't be unfair, Betty, where Miss Haviland is concerned."

"I could cut you out in half an hour if I set my mind to it," was the reply, "but I like Miss Haviland too well to pay any attention to your manœuvres."

Rebecca's gentle gray eyes rested upon her reproachfully.

"I wish you were not so sensible, Betty. If you were less sensible you would be less unkind. But you're firing blank cartridges," she added, with one of her sudden turns of humor, that replaced the gray by a glint of green. "You know I despise what you call 'manœuvres.'"

"You may not always know when you are manœuvering," came the steady reply, "but if you had a little of my colorless common sense you would be less self-deceived. Are you going to send your sonnet-sequence to-night?"

"No. Miss Haviland has looked it over with me. But here's a rondeau you might take. It won't be so good as your little Clay's."

"Perhaps not," was Betty's parting shot, "but no doubt the sentiment will be more profound."

Conversation with her next caller was much less perplexing. Rebecca liked Betty Smith, in spite of their incessant bickering, yet in her company she was often baffled and always on the defensive. With her other friends the talk went where she willed. Ruth Brown was clever and impulsive, but eager to follow Miss Calloway's lead. They talked of college verse and verse writers. Janet Clay was really the best rhymster in college, Miss Calloway said. And Ruth Brown glowed at this sign of magnanimity in the senior who was the most conspicuous writer among seven hundred girls. She was about to refer to the love song, when Miss Calloway made an allusion to the papers in Ruth's book which brought a blush of confused delight into the girl's face. Rebecca read the stilted verses respectfully and sympathetically, and after she had delicately suggested a few, very few, alterations, she

read aloud to her admiring visitor, "some things from Coleridge, for ear practice." An hour later, when Ruth Brown was hurrying along through the frosty star-lit air with a village mate to whom she poured out a rapturous account of her visit, Rebecca was laughing jocosely with her roommate over certain crude and sentimental verses written in a large schoolgirl hand. "She has brains, though," was Rebecca's final verdict, "and she's good company. I shouldn't mind seeing her in our society."

By the time Thanksgiving fell upon them with its busy two days' respite from college duties, even Rebecca herself had forgotten about the love song until Professor Lawrence spoke of it. Every student of literature prized the rare words of commendation from this professor as she prized no others. To Rebecca Calloway such words must be especially encouraging, for she was conscious that Miss Lawrence had not had real faith in her literary ability. They met near the palms one noon as the absent-

minded professor was slipping through the corridor.

"Miss Calloway," she called, becoming suddenly conscious of a face she had wished to see.

Rebecca straightened herself, and bent her small head in courteous inquiry.

"Miss Calloway, that little song in the November *Magazine* was well done."

"As a Rhymster, I'm very glad you liked it, Miss Lawrence, but—"

"And there is a possibility that a literary opportunity may arise from it. One of your friends thought you might be willing to consider it—"

"I should be glad to do anything that you thought I might venture to undertake," responded Rebecca cautiously.

"I have not always liked your work," was the frank reply, "but I think you are beginning to shed your worst faults. A Boston publisher assured me the other day, when I showed him the little lyric, that he would like to look over some other things from the same source. Of course you may

not have another inspiration immediately, but I advise you to try."

The professor named a magazine which made Rebecca's eyes grow large with dazzled hope.

"Thank you," she said, for want of other reply.

"I will send you my card," continued Miss Lawrence, "in order that your contribution may be recognized at once as that of the writer for the *Wellesley Magazine*."

"You are very kind, Miss Lawrence, but I am not sure—"

"Well, try," said the professor, in a tone that revealed her wish to put an end to the conversation she had inaugurated. "And if you excel yourself, I think you may succeed."

Rebecca, quick to recognize the nervousness which alone signified Miss Lawrence's desire to attend to other more important affairs, bowed her acknowledgment, and hastened on. She did not know in what direction, until she found herself the solitary occupant of a remote library alcove.

There she sat down and tried to think; but instead of sober thoughts she had visions of Janet Clay, brown and frail of face, indifferently or proudly disclaiming any further interest in her own production. "If she wanted credit for it, why didn't she sign her own name, instead of leaving me in this awkward position?" questioned Rebecca impatiently. *R. C.*, everybody knew might stand for any member of the Rhymster's Club, and any member might send MSS to a magazine. Such thoughts soon banished Janet's image. In place of it Rebecca saw a glistening page of the *Eastern* adorned with neatly printed stanzas beneath which appeared, in conspicuous italics the writer's name. *Rebecca Calloway* would look well in print. Then her pencil hovered over a blank sheet until it suddenly descended to write "A Song of Sorrow." That should be the title of the new poem; it was odd, and it sounded well. This poem, moreover, must be one that would appeal to every reader, and its phrasing must be simple, like Janet's. Rebecca

felt acquainted with sorrow, in her own home she had known its bitterness.

> "Sorrow is a bird of night
> That flies on drooping wing
> Until he hovers close to earth
> Where all men hear him sing."

To make sorrow sing seemed a good touch; it was so unusual. And the lines seemed to be in Janet's style. Rebecca now remembered that love, in the other song, had been made to sing like a linnet she wondered whether Janet had ever heard a linnet sing. The next stanza was more difficult, for the idea seemed complete in the first; but it was done in a few minutes and the third, fourth, and fifth succeeded before Rebecca went up stairs. It seemed to her as good as Janet's little song.

Later in the day when Miss Lawrence's card of introduction had passed through the resident mail to her, Rebecca revised her poem and sent it off with a brief note of explanation to the editor of the *Eastern*. She was careful not to claim authorship of the love song. Miss Lawrence had kindly

told her that the editor had expressed a willingness to see some of her work, so she ventured to enclose "A Song of Sorrow."

The afternoon's absorbing interest and maddening glimpse of fame had stimulated Rebecca's social instinct into an impetuous desire for admiration. After the letter was written she could not study. She threw aside notebooks and began to dress. "Going to make a faculty call," she explained to her roommate, as she fastened in place a gleaming pile of her long black hair. Obedient to the imperious spirit within her, she put on a satin bodice that matched the ivory tint of her delicate face, and a black cloth skirt "to match my hair," she thought as she smiled upon the brilliant black and white picture framed by her mirror. The only suspicion of color lurked in the glowing eyes. She was quite satisfied with Rebecca Calloway as she rustled through the long corridor to Miss Haviland's door. It was her habit to seek Miss Haviland when she might be found alone, but tonight she was glad to remember was the regular

at home. She found two strange freshmen whom her queenly entrance so dazzled that they were unable to speak. A senior friend who had just come from an art exhibit was telling stories of the funny speeches she had overheard, and the new instructor in biology was matching them with funnier speeches her students had made within the week. Rebecca, having won the privilege of preparing tea, soon became the centre of charm in the cosy room. Her buoyant spirit kept the thought tossing and changing from one to another. Callers went and came, but Rebecca remained. Miss Haviland had never seen her more beautiful. Her fascinating personality was irresistible. When they were alone, and Miss Haviland could ask the meaning of her extraordinary good spirits, Rebecca told her what she had done; how, at Miss Lawrence's suggestion, she had sent some verses to the most conservative magazine in the country; how Miss Lawrence's commendation had turned her head; and how she was already planning to issue a book of verse before she had

been out of college a year. Miss Haviland looked doubtful, but Rebecca could see the admiration that glowed in her face to belie the doubt in her voice. "You have no confidence in me at all," exclaimed Rebecca, "but I shall dedicate my first book to you."

They parted regretfully after an exhilarating half-hour of badinage.

"Ten o'clock comes so soon when you are with someone you like," said Rebecca, "I suppose I must not stay?" Miss Haviland's face spoke for her. "Of course not," continued Rebecca hastily, "but I wish I could. I shall go home and write a sonnet on your tea."

Janet Clay's interest in verse writing, during these autumn weeks, was quite as active as Rebecca's, although less prolific. Her distress over the imputed authorship of her little lyric, which seemed to her sensitive taste almost a condemnation of it, soon gave place to a desire to write something better. Betty Smith's reports of commendatory remarks made by members of the English faculty to the editor

of the *Magazine*, stimulated her zeal. She grew hot with desire to write, and with difficulty restrained her stub of a pencil while she worked problems in physics. She would not write another poem until her thought was complete. It completed itself unexpectedly one silvery morning while she walked across the wide space of the frosty meadow, and it sang to her till she found her own room where she sat down and wrote, in hasty scratches between long pauses, a mystical song of "The Deep Sea." She read it through wonderingly, and then put it from her, not daring to trust her own joy in it. What could she know of poetry? Days of despondency followed. She did her regular work, and played basket-ball, and made fudge, and tried to forget that she was an author with an unpublished poem in her drawer. She would not give it to the Rymsters or to the *Magazine*. It was not milk for babes. At the end of a week she dared to look at it again. It was better than she had hoped; with a few richer

words it would be good. She supplied them, and then, on a sudden determination, sent the verses to the *Eastern* with a note which she tried to make properly dignified and indifferent. If he could not make use of the enclosed "Song of the Deep Sea," would the editor be willing to consider other verse by her? She had written a little for several Ohio papers, but her latest attempt had been a contribution to the *Wellesley Magazine*, a clipping from which she enclosed. Her note seemed excessively school-girlish, and she posted it quickly, while she had courage.

Betty Smith, because of her critical sense and her persistent desire to bring to light that hidden, unostentatious literary ability which was almost invariably the best in the college, had won more of Janet's confidence than any other had wished to gain. But Janet was still shy, even with Betty, about this dearest of all subjects. She could not speak to her of her own latest venture; she could only watch the mails in the silent moodiness

and self-distrust which had succeeded to her grand air. Betty was accordingly surprised one evening when Janet came, with flushed face and strained voice, to thrust a letter into her hand.

"Read that!" she exclaimed.

Betty read a letter from an editor of the *Eastern* to Miss Janet Clay. The editors had found pleasure in reading her poem of "The Deep Sea," and would, under certain circumstances, be glad to give it a place in their magazine. They felt obliged, however, to waive further consideration of the poem in question until its authorship should be finally established. Since they had very recently received a contribution from a Wellesley student who was introduced by a member of the faculty as the writer of the "Love Song" enclosed also by Miss Clay, they were unable to make final arrangements with either contributor. A similarity of diction and melody in the two poems suggested identity of authorship. They would be glad to hold the sea poem, pending the explanation which

Miss Clay would doubtless be able to make as to these conflicting claims. Meanwhile, the editors remained—etc—.

While Betty was still scowling over this puzzle, Janet spoke again.

"She must have done it deliberately."

Her tone was almost interrogative.

"Who?"

Betty knew while she asked.

"And I think she ought to know I know," continued Janet in a light, hard voice. "Will you tell her? But I suppose I ought to tell her myself."

"It won't be pleasant, but I think the job belongs to you."

"Of course. I came to ask you to talk to her because Rebecca Calloway never liked me."

"Her wicked feeling is directed against your verses, not against you. And if I went first, you would have to see Rebecca just the same—if it is Rebecca."

"It is! I know it is."

"But it may be a mistake on her part."

"I don't know. Perhaps. I think,

though, that she just got into the habit of thinking of the verses as hers, and then it was easy to pretend. I thought you would know who the faculty was."

"Some of the English or literature people, of course," returned Betty. "And we can eliminate Miss Haviland, because she could not confuse two Rhymsters. Come over to college now, and I'll do some diplomatic work with Miss Lawrence. She may know about it, and she expects a call from me on *Magazine* business."

They went, although Janet was still quaking with indecision in regard to the interview with Rebecca, whom she admired, and despised, and feared, simultaneously. After wandering about the galleries in a vain effort to still the accusing demon within her, she ventured through the corridor, past Rebecca's door. There were no voices. As she turned to walk back the door opened. In the bright space stood Miss Calloway, the heavy roll of her black hat making a severe curve above the perfect forehead. Janet studied the picture sensitively while she asked,

SHE VENTURED PAST REBECCA'S DOOR

"Were you going out, Miss Calloway?"

"How do you do, Miss Clay? Yes, I have an engagement,—but I can wait a moment. Will you come in?"

The invitation was not urgent, but Janet accepted it.

"I shall not make a long call," she said, dryly, as she refused the offered chair. "I just wanted to ask whether you can explain this."

She pushed her letter into Rebecca's right hand without seeing the crumpled envelope in the left hand of her adversary. She was watching Rebecca's face as she scanned the type-written page; she saw the gentle eyes dilate and brighten under the lifted arches of the brows, and the nostrils throb above the firm lips.

"I'm not sure that I understand how you expect me to help you in this matter," was Rebecca's first remark.

"Did you send some verses to that magazine?" demanded Janet.

"Yes, but my contribution met with the same fate as yours. They didn't accept it."

"But they *have* accepted mine, as nearly as they could. All they want is to know how far my work is to be trusted. I want you to tell them that I wrote that ridiculous love poem, just as I said I did."

"Did you tell them that you wrote the love song?"

"Yes, and sent them a clipping from the *Magazine*."

"'R. C.' and all?"

"Of course."

Rebecca's face softened again, and she breathed free breaths.

"I see how that trouble came about," she ventured calmly. We must have written at the same time, and when they read your poem signed 'R. C.', they naturally compared it with mine and my initials, and so fell adoubting your authorship."

"Did you say anything about the love poem?" asked Janet.

"Certainly not. How could I? I simply enclosed my poem at Professor Lawrence's suggestion, and told them so."

Rebecca found it not easy to say this,

which was strictly true. Janet's direct eyes were unflinchingly scornful. Her silence made Rebecca nervous and ashamed.

"But I think perhaps Miss Lawrence" she began, and stopped abruptly.

"I should be glad to know Miss Lawrence's share in this trick," said Janet fiercely.

"There's no trick," said Rebecca gently. "I wish you would not get so excited, Janet. I'll help you all I can."

She had never said "Janet" before, in that rich, vibrant tone. Her guest was baffled by it, and dropped into the chair she had before refused.

"That's right; sit down, and let me tell you about my correspondence with these formidable editors. I have their answer here. They respect my offering, but say nothing about any other poem."

Rebecca unfolded the letter she had held, and spread it before Janet. The editors deeply regretted that they could not make use of the work of Miss Lawrence's friend. Rebecca bit her white lips while she watched

the eager satisfaction dawning in Janet's face. She felt that her power was no longer ascendant.

"I show this to you so that you may understand that I have not claimed your laurels," she said, a trifle harshly.

"But how did Miss Lawrence come to introduce you?" demanded Janet.

It seemed impossible to escape her keen scent. Rebecca's final effort was as futile as it was daring.

"Miss Lawrence liked some of my work," she explained, "and said she thought this magazine might like to see some of my verses."

Janet rose and walked slowly to the door without taking her eyes from Rebecca's face.

"Is that the only explanation you have to make?" she asked, and her words seemed to escape from an air-tight box.

"No, not quite all." Rebecca had risen to her slender height and stood like a princess above the wan-faced, brown-clad figure. "There is one more thing which may help

you." Her white fingers crumpled the letter in her hand, while she paused again. "I think I ought to tell you that Miss Lawrence may have misunderstood. In fact something she said made me think she did misunderstand about the love song. She seemed to think I wrote it—"

"Yes?" said Janet with icy encouragement, as Rebecca groped for the next sentence.

"She told me to send a contribution to the *Eastern*, with her name, for she had already spoken to the editor about me. I've been in her classes, you know."

"Did she suggest this because she liked the love song?"

"Yes, I think perhaps she did—partly on that account. I wasn't sure what she thought at first, but now I think that may have been it. I'm sorry I made the mistake, Janet."

Rebecca hardly knew how she had reached this half-apologetic statement. She was not in the habit of being sorry, and her own sincerity at the words surprised

and pleased her. She felt that Janet knew what she withheld.

"It seems rather serious to me." Janet tried to speak without reproach, for she wanted to be polite to this humiliated queen. "Are you willing to mend the matter by doing as I asked?" she continued.

"What is that? Oh, tell them you were the author of the love song? That is severe punishment. You are unmerciful, Janet. But I will do it. Since they scorn my poor rhymes, I ought to leave a fair field to my successful rival You need not fear me again."

The sudden bitterness in the words convinced Janet of their truth.

"I think you will keep your promise," she said slowly. "I don't want to be unfair, Miss Calloway; I ask only for what is mine. You have had all the honor one college girl can want. You are beautiful and you are famous—here in college. We who are neither beautiful nor famous must see to it that we keep the few gifts belong-

ing to us. I could not let anyone steal the things I write, and I am very glad you are going to give me back my poem. Thank you. That's all."

Before Rebecca could speak, Janet had slipped into the hall and closed the door behind her. Down stairs in the library she found Betty diligently taking notes. Together they left the long room where the electric lights were beginning to gleam in the gray of the afternoon, and sat on the bench at the foot of the stairs where they might talk. Betty had seen Miss Lawrence, and by adroit reference to the *Wellesley Magazine* and college verse, had won from her hostess the confession that she supposed Rebecca Calloway to be the author of the love song. "She was abashed when I told her you wrote it," ended Betty, "and she's going to write to those editors today. And she wants me to bring you to call on her, for she never heard of you before, and she is anxious to congratulate you in person."

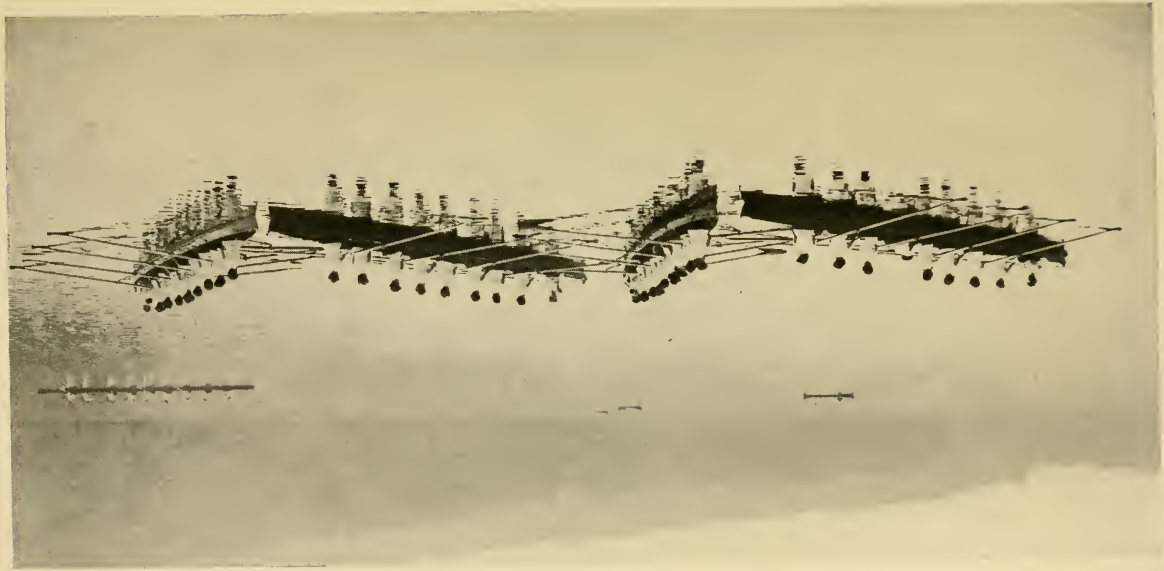
Janet was almost too greatly excited over her interview with Rebecca to respond

to this unexpected attention. While she wondered how much of Rebecca's conversation she ought to keep hidden in her own mind, she poured it all forth into Betty's ear. The tale turned Betty's dumpy figure into a frowning statue of wrath, relentless and speechless. From this cold anger she was roused by the swish of skirts and a sudden vision of Rebecca's imperious white face turned upward to catch the words of her companion on the staircase. A second later the four Rhymsters had exchanged bows of uncertain degrees of cordiality.

"I wonder how much of this story Miss Haviland will know," queried Janet, "before they return from their walk."

"All the facts," returned Betty. "But related in such a way that even you and I would be at a loss to know why we were indignant."

It was even as Betty had said. Miss Haviland was quick to recognize signs of disturbance in Rebecca's manner, and on her side Rebecca was but wondering how she should best present the story to this



friend whose good opinion she wished to keep. She must tell it, to forestall a later report as well as to satisfy her own humiliated spirit. Her soul demanded confession. They were walking briskly across the great meadow, where the single long line of electric lights marked out a path through the early winter twilight. Miss Haviland spoke of the Rhymsters' Club, and her pleasure in Janet Clay's contributions.

"I'm afraid I've made an ugly mistake on Janet's account," said Rebecca.

"You are going to admit that you were deceived in her! I knew you would have to appreciate her in time."

"Oh, it's not that. I appreciate her all right. But so many people have fancied that I wrote her poem in the *Magazine*."

"You should feel flattered rather than reproached."

"I do. Immensely flattered, of course. But I just found out to day that Miss Lawrence made the same mistake."

Miss Haviland began to see light.

"When she suggested a contribution to the *Eastern?*"

"Yes."

"You have heard, then, from the *Eastern*."

Rebecca laughed nervously.

"Yes. Even the *Eastern* may not recognize genius, you know. But you knew all the time it would end so."

"I hoped not. But have you seen Miss Lawrence?"

"No. I've seen Janet. That's much worse. I seem to remember, now, that Miss Lawrence spoke of a *Magazine* poem —but I've had so many in, and I thought she knew my work."

"That was natural," put in Miss Haviland. She did not see why Rebecca should be unusually nervous. She must be deeply disappointed about the rejected poem.

"Well, it seems Miss Lawrence thought she was introducing the writer of that love song. Without knowing of this, Janet wrote to them about the same time, sending a copy of that poem and a new one."

"And hers was accepted!"

This stab made Rebecca rally her forces. The story was hard to tell at best.

"I don't see why you take that for granted. It was accepted conditionally — They said one of her poems had been sent to them by a member of the faculty who introduced another student as the writer. The verses were signed 'R. C.', you know —my initials."

"I begin to appreciate your predicament," said Miss Haviland, sympathetically.

"It was awkward. Janet was terribly fierce. I didn't know she could be such a fire-brand. She said I had stolen her poem!"

"*Stolen* it! My dear, she couldn't think that seriously."

"I'm glad to know somebody believes in my honesty. I had almost begun to think myself a villain."

"You are too sensitive. It was not your fault, Rebecca. Janet must know that It was Miss Lawrence's mistake."

"Yes—but you see I misunderstood her. No doubt she thought she made it clear to me—but it was only a minute, in the corridor. She was in a hurry when she stopped me."

In the last two minutes Rebecca had had her first fear of Miss Lawrence's possible explanation.

"Miss Lawrence herself will be the first to appreciate that possibility," said Miss Haviland. "Her hasty corridor messages have confused students before now."

"That is comforting. You are always comforting. Somehow I don't feel quite so guilty as I did," said Rebecca.

And she meant it. This explanation seemed perfectly rational. It was easy to banish the remembrance of Janet's accusation. With the right-minded friend she became herself again to herself, and on their homeward walk talked happily of new editions until the gigantic bulk of College Hall loomed before them into the night; the whole great shadow, high on its black hill, dotted with even rows of lighted windows, "like a ship at sea," Miss Haviland said.

They were merry as they hurried up the hill, and all aglow when they entered into the warmth and stir of this mammoth house

that was never silent. Rebecca was so pleased with her readjusted conscience that she laughingly told her roommate the story of Professor Lawrence's error.

"The same that you made yourself, when you read the poem in the hospital," she reminded Nell. "I can't tell you how all this attention has flattered me."

But Nell, instead of enjoying the situation, was wroth at having been so long deceived. Rebecca, however, was not to be quelled again, and went down to dinner prepared to lead the table talk and keep it tossing back and forth among the clever girls. The stupid ones, she thought, ought not to be encouraged to speak.

It was after dinner that Rebecca laid finally at rest the ghost of her troubled conscience. In the student's parlor, whither she had wandered with a group of her society friends, to "see what was going on," she came upon Ruth Brown, contentedly accepting the bantering entertainment of two sophomores in a rival society. Ruth's face brightened as Re-

becca Calloway entered the room. She did not know that Rebecca had seen her and was waiting her opportunity for a word. To approach and claim the freshman's attention was more daring than difficult. Soon she was walking with Ruth up and down the long library corridor.

"I should not have torn you away from your friends," Rebecca was saying, "if I had not had a guilty conscience, but I wanted to set you right in a mistake you made the other day."

"Oh, what have I done? I'm always doing something dreadful!"

"This isn't so very shocking. Lots of people thought the same. It was only about those verses in the November *Magazine.* I forgot to tell you, that night when you came to my room, that I didn't write them."

"You didn't write that love song? But, Miss Calloway, I'm perfectly sure you wrote it!"

"Oh, no! I never wrote anything half

so good! Janet Clay wrote it— I don't believe you know her— another Rhymster. But she didn't want anyone to know. Now you are disappointed!"

"No, I'm not. Not a bit. I was only thinking that the reason everybody thought you did it was that you really could do something just like it, or better."

"No," said Rebecca, indulgently, almost tenderly.

"But I'm sure you could. And, anyhow, Miss Calloway, I like you better than ever for owning up. You actually remembered all this time—nearly a month! It was perfectly fine of you to call me out and tell me!"

"It was only fair," came the heroine's answer. "Anybody would have tried to correct such a mistake."

Yet Rebecca felt, when she handed her young friend over to her rightful hostesses, who had been in a corner whispering hard things about Rebecca Calloway's "cheek," that she had done what few girls in her place would have done. When she left

the bright roomful of girls in their after-dinner gayety, she carried with her a feeling of self-content which she had not known for a week.

This final confession marked the end of Rebecca's uneasiness. Miss Lawrence must have taken to herself the blame which Rebecca had insinuated upon her, for she made no allusion to the subject in Miss Calloway's presence. Even Betty, that most dreaded friend, made no comment. Indeed she ignored Rebecca's existence for about ten days, at the end of which time she announced, with her head in the door, that Janet Clay had resigned from the Rhymster's Club.

"Why?" asked Rebecca, but she did not wait for an answer. "I see no occasion for that. We won't accept her resignation."

"We've got to," was the short response. And before the head was withdrawn a final dart was hurled. "She can't afford to spend her time among the unskillful. The *Eastern* has accepted a poem, and she's busy with others."

It was quite true. Miss Haviland, who gave Rebecca a hearty welcome half an hour before the next Rhymster's meeting was to take place in her room, had seen a copy of the poem and pronounced it good. She was not blind to the flash of jealous pain in Rebecca's face, but Rebecca only said:

"I'm afraid Janet has resigned on my account. She is still suspicious of me."

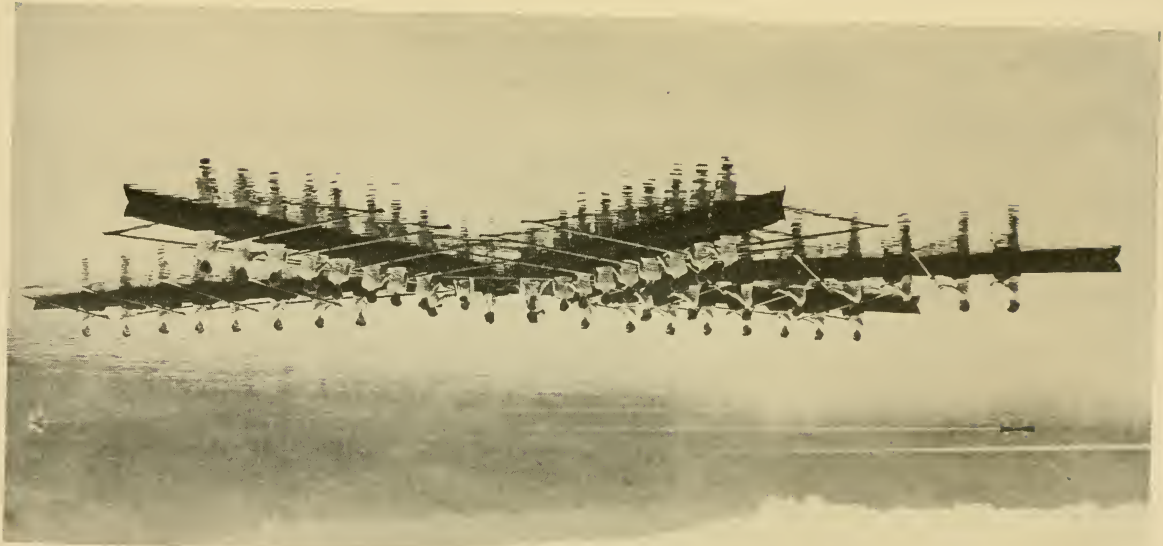
"Perhaps she is—a little, but that need not trouble us. She will learn her mistake. And I suppose we ought to remember that Janet has only her genius for verse making. She lacks the charm of character and personality that others, almost equally clever, sometimes possess."

Rebecca looked with admiring and grateful eyes at her friend.

There was a knock.

"You always understand," she said, "and you are the only woman I know who does not—"

"I came early to bring Janet's formal resignation," said Betty Smith's voice at the open door.



SIR TOBY'S CAREER

Sir Toby's Career

THE train had left New Haven far behind, and was speeding toward New York. The girl with the soft felt hat pulled well down over her brow suddenly lifted her right arm and flourished high in air a small red book which had held her attention. Her lips moved rapidly, and she seemed to be addressing the shifting landscape. The hurrying telegraph poles made no response; nobody but the girl herself heard the exuberant speech: "I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria!" For the little red book was a Temple edition of *Twelfth Night*, and the girl was Helen Douglas, member of the Shakespeare Society of Wellesley College; so of course the speech was that of Sir Toby Belch. There could be no question as to which role she should have in the June play. There was to be a re-

hearsal at college the following night, and somehow there had been no time during the spring vacation in Providence to learn her lines. But she knew them now. The journey to New York had given her several hours to herself. She could run through the entire play, except for a few awkward cues. She tried to go over the lines without reference to the book. She could see Sir Andrew and the clown before her; she knew what attitudes she would strike. She leaned forward and placed her hands on her hips. "How now, sot?" But before she gave Sir Toby's waggish turn of the head she became conscious of the attention of her fellow passengers, and was instantly demure. She sat back in proper dignity and let her thoughts possess her. They were not so care free as the sentiments of Sir Toby. During her visit in Providence with Mary Dillingham, who was probably back in Wellesley by this time, there had been little opportunity to think even about the play in which they were both concerned. She remembered other plays and

her own success in them, with a feeling which had in it as much bitterness as pride. Nobody else could do the drinking scenes so well. It required a person of wit and versatility to be a Shakespearean drunkard, they told her when she begged for other parts. Yes, she knew she had versatility and wit, and something more. The delicacy and restraint of her Stephano had convinced the college public two years before that Shakespearean drinking scenes were not obnoxious. In private dramatics she had played Falstaff with a gravity and self-control that had made the girls wonder while they wept aloud with laughter. In her junior play they had given her Bottom's part because he was more nearly intoxicated than anybody else. She had liked that. But now, instead of the Malvolio she wanted, they had given her Sir Toby. Oh, she knew, she knew she could do it better; she knew she entered into the part with a zest no one else could feel. It fascinated her, even while it hurt her a little, at heart. She knew why. She

wondered whether she should tell her father about it that evening. He would like to know she could act, but he would frown if she told him her part, for it would hurt him, too. And he had been hurt so much! He had suffered so many, many years! He had known—none better than he—all the tragedy, not the comedy, of habitual drinking. But she would not think of that now; she would not remember her mother's death, and her own struggling girlhood while she tried to keep a little home for the father whose love and pride and ambition for her could not control the thirst that possessed him. Later there had been years of confinement in asylum and hospital. In the interval of quiet which these years had given, she had cut and hewn her way through college. Her wit and versatility had helped; and now, at the end of her senior year, the worst of the struggle was over. She had loved her work, she loved her class, her society, her friends; she frankly enjoyed the popularity which her talents had won.

It was a contented spirit that travelled with her, for college was the happiest place she had ever known, and the past year had brought with it the hope of a little home with her father when college life should be over. Her thought of this was touched with solemnity; it was very wonderful that he was able to take again a place among men. Her heart grew big as she thought of the strange new humility and courage in which he had written her of the kindness of his old law partner in giving him desk room and a clerk's salary.

She had not seen her father since Christmas, when she had found a cozy room for him in the top of a 21st Street house, near Fifth Avenue, where he might live simply, but as a gentleman should. Here, she had written him, she would visit him this evening, when her afternoon's business should be happily concluded. It would be a pleasure to tell him that she had a good position for the summer. She gave a sigh for the long vacation she knew she could not have, and then set resolutely about planning her

business interview with the unknown father of a pretty but stupid freshman. Long before this spirited interview had come to an end in her mind the train rumbled into the tunnel and warned her to collect her belongings.

When she reached Brooklyn an hour later, Miss Douglas felt repaid for the annoyance of hurrying to New York on the last day of a short vacation. Mr. Henderson had more brains than his daughter; the interview was more animated than the visitor had dared to hope, and it ended in her consenting to spend the summer with his family on the New Jersey coast, in order that she might act as tutor to his daughter. The scheme promised as well as anything of the sort could promise, she thought rather ruefully, as she started back to New York. She believed she would not tell her father, after all. It was not the sort of position he would prefer to see his daughter fill, and anyway it would be easier to write about it. Tonight they should not have any worries. She went into a shop on

Broadway to buy some old-fashioned molasses candy — she remembered her father liked it — and then walked cheerfully past the gay windows as far as 16th Street, where she turned to find dinner and a room for the night at the "Margaret Louisa."

Rain had been falling lightly when she went into dinner. It fell in heavy sheets when she ventured out at seven. Never mind. It was only five blocks up Fifth Avenue. She set her umbrella to the slanting rain and struggled along the slimy dark street with gladness in her heart. They were such good comrades, she and her father. He would have her letter; he would be waiting for her before his cosy fire, and she would dry her wet things and make some tea, while he puffed at his pipe and watched her contentedly. And then they would talk — a little about their own affairs but more, much more, about politics, and letters and philosophy, and what this fool world was coming to, after all. She ran lightly up the steps and pressed the

bell button exultingly. She shook the rain impatiently from her hat and coat and skirts. She rang the bell again. Perhaps he would open the door himself. A pale, tired-looking woman opened it.

"I want to see Mr. Douglas. I'll go directly to his room if you are willing."

"Mr. Douglas isn't here."

"Oh, he must be in. He expects me."

"No, he isn't. He hasn't been here for three days."

The hall and the sputtering gas grew black. The girl groped her way forward.

"Are you a relative of his?" said the woman.

"I'm his daughter."

"Sit down," said the woman, "here's a chair. I remember you now; you engaged his room."

"Yes," she said. "I'm afraid its been an—an annoyance to you."

"Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather when it happened, Miss. Douglas. You were such a lady-like little body, and Mr. Douglas was the nicest, kindest lodger I had."

Miss Douglas was mute.

"I'm relieved you've come," continued the tired woman. "It's been a long time now, and his things are here, and the room just as he left it Saturday night. There's a letter for him, too."

She lifted it from the tray on the hat-rack and handed it to her visitor. Helen took it—her own letter, unopened. She thought of the merry words on the inside. He should not have it. When he came back he should never know that she had come to discover his shame.

"That is my letter. I will keep it," she said. Her voice seemed to come from a great distance. "I wish you would take me to his room and tell me all you know," she heard her voice say again.

The woman looked at her kindly and led the way over the weary stairs. He had been cross to the children Friday, she said. It was the first time, and she supposed they did pester him, though he always seemed to like them. And Saturday morning, she went to his room, thinking he had gone

to business and he had—well—he seemed very fierce. She had gone away frightened and was waiting for her husband, but before he had come she heard Mr. Douglas go out. And he hadn't been in since. He had paid her Thursday, a week in advance.

The disordered chamber showed what the woman's rude delicacy or sympathy had not put into words. "As long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria!" called Sir Toby Belch in her ears.

"Of course the room is his till Thursday," the woman was saying, "but I don't think I could have him in the house another night. I wouldn't dare."

"Certainly not. Don't think of it. You would better clean the room and put his things into the valise. He will probably come for it by and by. And you needn't mention my visit, Mrs. ——"

"Jocees," said the landlady, in the hallway. "I'm sure I hope he's under shelter tonight, but I couldn't take him in—and I don't know as anybody could."

"You have been very considerate."

"Well, I'm sure we all liked Mr. Douglas, until this happened, and I hope you'll find him safe."

Helen fled out into the night. Find him safe! She knew she should not find him at all. She let the rain drench her. It was drenching him too. Fifth Avenue was a black river of wind and water, through which dim infrequent lights moved slowly, like boats afloat in a storm. She had no more guidance—, less, than they. He might be on this very street; the next lurching form she met might be his; he might be over on the east side; he might be——. She at once saw the need of dispelling every wild thought of seeking him. She could not remember his old friend's address. He lived in Harlem, miles away. She had no money to use in the search, and if she found him she could do less for him than the city officials. The city provided for its own poor and destitute, she remembered. And she remembered how. At any rate, there would be shelter. And then her own light-hearted words of a few

weeks ago flashed across her mind. "A city park must be a very good place for a poor man to spend the night in."

The water streamed from her umbrella as she handed it to the small black bell-boy at the door of the "Margaret Louisa." She became suddenly conscious of the wet pasteboard that dangled by a string from her finger. She thrust the poor little box into the boy's hands. "Do you like molasses candy?" she asked bluntly. His shining eyes and teeth left a half comforting image in her mind. While she was taking her key from the office, some one spoke her name — an old college girl whom she had not seen for two years.

"Come in and talk to us. My sister is here, and another '97 girl. But how wet you are!"

"Yes," returned Helen, "I'm wet. Too wet to sit down."

"You look as though you'd had a good time. The wind has given you so much color. But you always knew how to enjoy life."

"It's better to learn young, and I make the most of my opportunities. Perhaps I shall see you in the morning."

Helen knew she should leave before anybody else had breakfast, but she wanted to be alone.

"Oh, come down to-night. I want you to meet my fiancé. I'll lend you some dry things."

"I may as well talk gayly as think bitterly," reflected Helen as she consented.

The evening was very gay, and the most daring, most exhilarating talker was Miss Douglas. She told them college stories of the current year; she mimicked the idiosyncracies of certain well-known members of the faculty; she did all the old stunts the '97 girls had seen her do at college two years before.

"Do your Stephano stunt!" cried her friend; but Stephano refused to be coaxed. She had forgotten it, and it was no good anyway, without Trinculo and Caliban She would do the new instructor in biology for them. She did it, and then said good

night hastily; if she waited for the nine o'clock train she would see them in the morning. She knew she should not wait for the nine o'clock train.

She went hurriedly to bed and tried hurriedly to go to sleep that she might not think, that she might not hear the merciless beat of the rain. She succeeded better than she knew, and rested heavily until she was summoned at a dark hour in the morning. It was hard to waken to the pain; and it was a weary journey to Forty-second street; yet the long rows of tracks that gleamed mysteriously in the half light under the train shed, made her feel a little hopeful. She let the train pull her out, away from the mighty city that held her father hidden in its relentless heart. The gray light spread over the scattering houses; a window high on a hill shone red; and soon the gaunt trees were bathed in yellow light. It was to be a bright day. She prayed that the sun might comfort him a little, too. For her it was to be a day of unceasing activity. As soon as the hours in the train were over,

she could go to work, and evening would bring the rehearsal. Her spirit quailed a little at that. She would not go over her lines again; she would write notices for a meeting of the senior dramatics committee which she, as chairman, must conduct the next afternoon. She was glad she had only a minor part in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." She had insisted on being a girl, and not the tipsy gentleman who sang and danced so prettily.

Her late registration and afternoon lectures made it impossible for her to see many of the girls before rehearsal.

"Hello, Douglas! Here's the Black Douglas!" they cried, as she entered the Shakespeare house. They had given her this historic nick-name because she was so dark and so proud of her Scottish descent! There was not time for much exchange of talk. She found Mary Dillingham, their president, scowling in a corner over Olivia's lines.

"Hello, you must be tired," said Mary. "I'm glad I didn't go to New York with

you. A dance Saturday night, callers Sunday night, travel all day Monday, — did you have your visit with your father last night?"

"No. He wasn't at home. He didn't get my letter in time."

"What a shame!"

"Yes, it was a shame." Helen's eyes looked large and bright. "But I got my summer settled."

"I suppose you're glad of that. I am, if you are, but I think you might have promised to come home with me."

"Never mind, ducky, I'll visit you for years some day!" Helen was suddenly vivacious. "How now, chick! What, my fair niece , art wasting away for a lover?"

"O, get along!" exclaimed Olivia. "Do you know your lines? I don't."

"Of course I know my lines — every sugar sweet word. How do you suppose I've been spending my time since I left you in the Providence station yesterday?"

She did know her lines; but there was nothing surprising about that accomplish-

ment. The Douglas always knew her lines. Nobody ever saw her learn them. What did surprise the girls was the abandonment with which she stormed through her part while her fellow actors were wondering what positions they should assume, or whether the clown should enter from the right or left. The Douglas was undaunted by any interruption. From his first jovial utterance, "I'm sure care's an enemy to life," to his last speech in the second act, Sir Toby's reckless attitudes and boisterous spirit dominated the place and aroused the uncontrollable mirth of his fellows on the stage. Never once was Sir Toby anything but Sir Toby. During intervals between his scenes he waggishly accosted Sir Andrew, a tall, scholarly-looking girl who was bending over a note-book in a vain effort to prepare for tomorrow's quiz. When the rehearsal was over and Sir Toby had sung his way up the hill to Wood, "Ill go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now," he said. Mary remonstrated; Sir Toby scowled angrily. "Dost think be-

cause thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

No one saw the change that fell upon her when she had closed her own door behind her. She did not burn sack. Loneliness overwhelmed her. Nobody living, not even her father, himself, knew the pain she was trying to endure. She thought with scorn of the mad mood the girls had laughed at. She sat wearily in her big chair for half an hour, and then crept wearily to bed. In the darkness the old bright vision possessed her, of the cozy room and her father sitting before the fire contentedly puffing at his pipe and watching her. Tenderness filled her. He had suffered so many years! And the first tears forced themselves slowly between burning lids and fell upon the pillow. "I mustn't cry! I mustn't cry! I shall be so tired I can't think tomorrow." But the Douglas did cry. The witty, versatile, mad Douglas fell asleep with wet eyes.

She was tired, yet not so tired that she could not think quickly the next day.

While she dressed as late and as rapidly as possible, she decided, notwithstanding an increasing list of fines, to omit the mandolin club rehearsal at eight o'clock, in order that she might write an urgent note asking the assistance of her father's old law partner. He might know where and in what condition the unhappy wanderer might be. It was not an easy note to write. For twenty minutes Helen bent a white, anxious face over the paper, then she sealed it hastily and made ready for the nine-o'clock train to Boston. It was her duty, as business editor of the *Magazine*, to urge the representatives of certain well-known Boston firms to renew their advertisements in the college monthly. She must remind them that the May number would circulate among the alumnae who would come together early in June from all over the country and fill the Boston shops.

Helen Douglas had met with unusual success in her efforts at soliciting advertisements. The *Magazine* had paid this year

because the class had seen the wisdom of appointing to the business office a girl who had not only business ability, but an attractive personality as well. College students have learned that the few among them who cherish a deep voice and brusque manner are not more naturally endowed with executive ability than their more graceful comrades. The Black Douglas was not a girl with a man's coat and stride. She had the woman's gift of bowing a ribbon; and she was the best business woman in her class. She depended this morning on the self-confidence which that reputation had given her, for she knew she looked wan and long faced, not energetic nor persuasive. It was disheartening to meet with three polite but firm refusals. Was it because she felt so sad? she wondered. With two new quarter-page advertisements in her pocket, she boarded the eleven o'clock train, and was soon absorbed in her economics note-book.

At Wellesley there was just time to hurry up to college for an 11.45 lecture on

Kantian ethics. After a hasty luncheon she wrote to the printer whom she had been unable to see in town; and before half-past one there was time to run through the Latin lesson which she had assigned to her pupil. It was a passage long familiar to her, and one which might as well have been Sanskrit as Latin to little Miss Henderson, who appeared punctually, with the usual helpless frown between the pretty brows, and the usual tossing of yellow curls and rustling of silken skirts. The lesson over, Helen walked as far as the Art Building with her pupil, who was eagerly unfolding plans for summer "good times." There she left her, and ran in late to the quiz in economics. At 3.20 she went to College Hall for a history lecture. At 4.15 she was waiting at the second floor centre for the members of her senior play committee.

Everyone knows that the management of a large committee is, next to editing the *Legenda*, the most thankless task in college; and it is generally understood that

the most intricate problems of the four years must be solved by the chairman who controls the fate of the senior pay. The one girl who provides her class with final honor, and the several actors with glory and all its adjuncts, usually stands in the shadow of her own production. Helen knew that no one would ever consider the hours of swift and hard thinking that must create success for the play. It was clear that most of her assistants had, as yet, little appreciation of the amount of work to be done. During this first meeting of the new term, hesitation and disagreement prolonged the uncertain action. Each chairman of a sub-committee had opinions on every department but her own. When they adjourned they had reached only one conclusion: that two rehearsals a week should be required of every scene. This meant that Helen must find immediately the girls who were to play principal roles, for no one but the Douglas, herself an actor, could make them cheerfully volunteer to attend any number of rehearsals

Even the leading lady, who was in a bad humor over a basket-ball wrangle, became goodnatured under Helen's adroit jibes and flattery.

When finally she could trudge down hill and up again to dinner, the chairman earnestly wished that she had been born without brains. All through the long day mind and body had not taken a second's rest, and not until after dinner was there an opportunity to drop into a big chair. She was soon ferreted out of her corner by the open fire.

"Get your mandolin, Douglass, and tune us up. We're all homesick."

"You all's come to de wrong niggah dis time," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, go ahead!"

"I'll get your fiddle," cried another.

"Dis niggah's mighty nigh wore out."

"Please do, Nell, the girls want something lively," said Mary Dillingham.

The mandolin was put into her hands. She took her position on the stairs, with girls grouped about on steps, in reception

room, and square hallway. "Sing 'Little Yaller Boy," they demanded. She sang it. "Now 'Mandalay.'" She sang "Mandalay." "More coon songs," was the next cry. She sang all she knew and ended with a rag time tune that set some of the southern girls off into a shuffle. They were a merry crowd, and at half after seven they dispersed noisily and were soon at work for to-morrow's appointments. Helen studied for an hour. She longed to go to bed. Her two days of travel, the two nights of grieving, the third day of a thousand activities, had made her unutterably weary; and the dull ache at her heart drove a lump into her throat at intervals. "I'll go to bed. I will not dance to-night," she thought.

A classmate knocked at her door and entered in gymnasium suit and mackintosh.

"Ready?" she asked.

"I don't believe I'll go."

"Oh, you must. We're going to practice a new step to-night Hurry into your suit while I wait."

There seemed to be no excuse to offer; and after all, she might as well dance as cry, so she slipped into the practice costume, and went off to rehearse with eleven others who were to dance for the senior class on Tree Day. The movement was good for exhausted nerves and tense muscles; and it made her so tired that she almost fell asleep in the act of brushing her hair when she prepared for bed an hour later.

The succeeding days were equally full of hourly demands. Helen felt glad of the busy life that made it impossible to dwell for many minutes upon the anxiety and the heart-breaking pity that increased with every day. It was a week before she heard from her father's friend that John Douglas had not been discovered until he came back to the office at his own will, feeble, apparently destitute, and unable to give any account of himself. It had seemed wisest, his old friend said, to place him in a Home where he could be cared for until he should once again be able to help himself. The

letter showed the genuine compassion which a strong man sometimes feels for a weak friend and a helpless woman. Helen felt the compassion, and resented it while she honored the man who gave it. She was by no means helpless, yet, she told herself, and she had not known horror and loneliness all her life to be gulled by the spectres now. In her bitterest moments Helen never lost an invincible faith in the joy and sweetness which she knew must be in the world, however shadowed her own present year might be. To retain that faith, even more than to claim the joy for her own, seemed to her a necessity. Everyone knew a little of it, she thought, even her father, who had once been the owner of a bright home and the leading spirit in a choice coterie of friends. He had been versatile, too, she remembered. And then she wrote to him, cheering little letters, as merry as she dared make them in reply to the dignified but despairing and uncertain tone of his incoherent notes.

After three weeks of silent grieving, the

loneliness became almost more than Helen could bear. There was so much apparent comradeship all about her; so little real sympathy for her. The activity which seemed at first a boon became a burden. She worked with feverish persistence for a time, and then more and more automatically. She was tired; very tired.

There seemed to be no reason why she should have to drag herself from building to building. Every senior who could do things had to be busy, and some were carrying ten rehearsals a week. She had only eight. There was more reason why she should find "Sir Toby" obnoxious. She began to loathe that fascinating gentleman. Not since the first night of the term had she been able to act with any spirit. The girls were puzzled at her apparent indifference and began to criticise her voice and gestures. The trainer could make nothing of her sudden dislike for the part.

"It isn't a sudden dislike," Helen protested to the society president, who was her warmest friend. "You know I've never

enjoyed these parts you think I do so well."

"That's just a notion. You're not a squeamish prig. And you *can* do them so well!"

"I wish you would let me change with Malvolio."

"But it's too late now, Nell. The play comes off in less than a month. Malvolio couldn't do Sir Toby, anyway. If you would only do Sir Toby as well as you can, in rehearsals I mean—of course you'll get fired up to it in the play—things would go all right."

"I will," she said. "I'll do it. I 'spose I have been too lackadaisical." Her face was white and set; there were tense lines about the mouth.

"Is anything the matter, Nell?" ventured Mary. "You've looked worried lately."

"No, I suppose I'm getting tired. Just a little dragged, you know."

"Of course, we all are. But is that all?" Helen succeeded in answering calmly.

"Not quite. My father's ill again."

"Not dangerously ill?"

"Oh no,I don't think so. He's in a hospital—but he's getting better."

"Nell, I'm so sorry!" Mary's face showed her sympathy. She was not the sort of girl to grow demonstrative. "Why didn't you tell us before? Doesn't anybody know it?"

"What's the use? He isn't dangerously ill. And everybody here has her worries. Don't say anything to the girls."

Mary Dillingham knew that Helen's tone meant more than the words signified, but she could not guess the meaning.

"You're tired, Nell," she said, "and you'd better rest when you get a chance. Don't come to rehearsal tonight. You know your lines, and a dummy can do the cues for once."

Helen was grateful for this word of sympathy. It was her own fault, she understood, that she had not more of the same sort. She was tired. She had not realized, until she gave herself the hour's rest that Mary had made possible, how tired she was.

Yet she was determined to do better in the rehearsals. The girls did not know her difficulties, and she did not wish them to know. She must accept their harsh criticism, then, in the spirit in which it was given, and mend her ways. Her society should continue to be proud of her.

The next rehearsal was a little easier. Her absence had suggested the idea that she might be ill, and Mary Dillingham had said the Douglas was a little worried about her father who was in a hospital. The girls who had homes of their own began to wonder how it would feel to have your father or mother ill in hospital. They commended her tonight; and Helen, on her side, summoned all her coolness and sense of humor. "As long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria," she thundered, in a vain attempt to stifle the mocking fiend in her ear.

There were others who began to watch Helen Douglas with growing uneasiness. At the end of May a member of the faculty who had been advisor and friend, admon-

ished her to do less. It was impossible, Helen said. Nobody else could take her part in the Shakespeare play; as chairman of the senior play, she could not give up the minor part she had in "The Knight of Burning Pestle." Tree Day was so near that she could not drop out of the dance without spoiling the figure; the *Magazine* work was practically ended, and she had dropped the Mandolin Club. She thought her work was growing easier. Yet her heart failed her as she looked ahead at the final senior papers which must be written before the degree could be hers. Her college work was by no means poor, but she knew it was often superficial. She could afford to slight it a little, she thought, because she had made a good record; yet she was chagrined and angered when the Professor of Philosophy had written, as comment on a paper of which Helen was not proud, "This paper is interesting, but it shows that you are bringing past achievements rather than present effort to your work."

After a few weeks of struggle to lighten her increasing burden, Helen doggedly accepted every fresh claim on her time. Yes, she would picnic in the woods on the thirtieth; yes, she would toast the faculty at the class supper. It was easier to say yes, and there was always a way to accomplish the impossible. At any rate, she had no fears for Tree Day. That was to be the first performance, and "Sir Toby" would appear in public at the end of the following week. Between the two dates, her four final papers must go in to the several departments. Tree Day came and passed, and left her trembling with fatigue. The other girls did not seem to mind it. She thought that miserable grip she had had in March must have deprived her of more strength than she knew. But she must write her papers. She had gathered material and had jotted down ideas for two of them, although not a word had been written. She wrote steadily Saturday, Sunday and Monday, except when she rehearsed for two hours Saturday night and

Monday night. Tuesday she began the last paper. It must go in at nine o'clock Wednesday morning. In the afternoon came a querulous, insistent, unhappy letter from her father. She must help him to get away from that miserable place full of maniacs if she wanted him to keep his own sanity. Could she not draw an advance on her summer salary? For even if the doctors would discharge him, he hadn't a suit of clothes of his own. She had to refuse to send him money. If she had had it, she knew she must still refuse, and the thought tormented her. It tormented her throughout the rehearsal that evening. She forgot her lines,—an unheard of thing for the Douglas—and turned bewildered to the prompter. "I hate—" began the prompter. Helen remembered. She gave her arm a sideways fling. "I hate a drunken rogue," she said listlessly. "Oh, put some spirit into it! Say it as if you meant it!" exclaimed the coach. She went back to Wood in complete discouragement. She felt that she could never do it. But

she could and must finish that final paper on economics. She worked slowly, intermittently, confusedly, until after midnight. The June bugs had never been so annoying. The room seemed full of them, bumping in stupid succession at the window. She got up and killed them fiercely, and then bent again over her work. She was hardly conscious of the throbbing in her head and back; she knew only the scratching of her pen, loud as a saw-mill, and the buzz of millions of beetles that sounded to her exaggerated hearing like the fall of a cataract. She signed her name to the last paper. Her head fell forward on her arms. When she had a thought again she could not tell whether she had slept or fainted. She had strength to creep into bed, but there she could not sleep. The night wind became a flood to frighten and torment her. "Sir Toby's" lines ran mockingly through her mind. "Sir Toby's" face and her father's changed places to mock at her. She heard her own voice crying, "How now, sot?"

The next morning Mary Dillingham discovered that Helen was ill. "I shall be up for rehearsal tonight," said the invalid feebly, "and will you take my papers over before nine o'clock? You know where."

She was not up for rehearsal. Doctor and nurse agreed that she would not be up for either rehearsel or play, again, and she was summarily carried off to the college hospital. She was glad. It was so pleasant to lie in bed. But she would get up Friday for the dress rehearsal. Before Friday came, Mary Dillingham told her that someone else was to do "Sir Toby"—an old girl who had come back for the play and for commencement, and who had done "Sir Toby" five years before, at the first performance of Twelfth Night.

"Of course it isn't according to precedent for an alumna to take part, but I shall make the announcement, and everybody will understand. It's lucky she's here. But why didn't you let us know how tired you were getting?"

"Didn't know it myself. It's my own fault. And I worried, I suppose."

"About your father?"

Helen nodded, while the tears rolled weakly down her face.

"He's—he's too much like Sir Toby she whispered.

"Oh, Nell, why didn't you tell me? You should have had Malvolio if we had known. Is that why—why he is in hospital?"

Helen nodded again. She could not speak.

"And is it why you didn't see him in New York?"

There was no answer at all now.

"Never mind, Nell, please don't cry. It's bad for you, you know. And the play is going all right." Mary put her hand on Helen's shoulder.

"Cheer up," she said. "I shan't be allowed to come again if you cry. And I've a plan to unfold."

She talked soothingly about her own home and the quiet summer they should have together. It was better economy, she said, to give up the summer position

and be ready for work in the fall. "And besides," she continued, "my father wants to see you before they decide on a new high school teacher next year, so you'll have to come."

She left Sir Toby a little comforted, and when a week was gone, and Helen was permitted to see a few more visitors, her classmates came to tell her how well the senior play was going, because of her good planning, and how little she was really needed, after all, even while they missed her so terribly.

She must stop all work for the summer, the doctors said, and rest both mind and body. She was too completely exhausted to rebel at any orders. She knew the girls blamed themselves for letting her work so hard; and she knew, also, that she could have borne the work alone. She had reasoned about it many times before. College work, with its demand of regularity and exercise, tended to make a girl stronger. The social and executive responsibility, which a senior sometimes permitted herself

because she found it easier to say "yes" than "no," often led to a complication of appointments and exactions which were usually carried off successfully in spite of well-merited fatigue. Nobody but the girls themselves, in facing the problem of "overwork," seemed to realize that almost every senior in college was carrying anxiety, and often sorrow, for her people at home. It was when the invisible burdens became the heaviest that a girl gave out. Helen Douglas had not regained her buoyant health since the March illness that seemed so slight. She had worked under pressure with bitter sorrow and loneliness in her heart. She herself saw, now, how inevitable her fall had been, and wondered that she should so have wasted her strength over the unessential things in college life.

There were many cheering moments in those last three weeks in the college hospital. There was time, now, to see her friends, who made brief calls during visiting hours. She had never known before how many friends she had among faculty,

classmates, and lower-class girls. The new Sir Toby came kindly, regretfully. Her society friends ran errands and delivered messages for her. After the play she gloried with them in their success.

"Sir Toby did nobly, considering," they said, "but you are the only Sir Toby for us." Helen felt her eyes fill at this, as they filled so often, now.

It was very hard to lie in bed the night of the class supper. It was to have been a time so loudly merry that no one should voice the sadness in all their hearts. And somebody else must toast the faculty, that august body of severe, clever, kind, and droll individuals whom she had alternately mimicked and reverenced for four years.

On the night of the senior play her class sent a mammoth box of heavy roses to her bedside, with a formal but sincere note penned by the class secretary that brought the ready tears to her eyes again. They were all so good to her!

Commencement Day, she knew, would be the hardest. The seniors were too busy

with fathers and mothers and country cousins to visit her. Instead of entertaining a proud family, she tried to explain in a letter to her father her own apparently unaccountable illness and the necessity of giving up her position for the summer. That, she knew, would be a disappointment for him, and he would grieve over her weakness, too.

In the afternoon she insisted that she must be wrapped in her senior gown, while she sat propped in a chair, trying to imagine the stately procession, in academic garb, that was moving from College Hall down the hill, through the shadows, and across the sward to the chapel, as the gathering volume of the organ music pealed forth to meet them. She seemed to see the golden afternoon light falling through stained glass upon the brilliant line of doctors' and masters' hoods which were all that the audience could see of the entering trustees and faculty. And there, after the alumnae, came her own class, filing silently into the foremost seats. It was for them

the organ pealed, and the audience waited, and the majestic figure of the president stood with her allies, erect and thoughtful. Helen was quite sure that, notwithstanding the stiffness of the figures in the front seats, and deeper than any smothered growls at the heat, there lay under those senior caps and gowns a new sense of solemnity. And they would feel sorry for her vacant seat. She was sorry for it herself; but she was more sorry for the pause that came when her name was read, before the president added the words, "*in absentia*." Yet the degree was hers. She had not lost that, and at the moment it meant more to her than she had ever dreamed it could mean. She knew a girl who had not "worked her way through" could never really grasp the deepest significance of the college diploma. All these reflections brought an alarming mood which might have ended in complete demoralization had not the most versatile girl in her class recovered her philosophic sense and her sense of humor. She made merry

with the nurse all the evening, and begged to be entertained by stories such as only a trained nurse can tell. Very, very early, on her Commencement night, before nine o'clock, she was lying in the dark, trying to shut out the sound of singing that was borne across the distance and in at her windows. It was hardest of all not to go out serenading with the girls. The faint voices died away; but she knew the young black-robed alumnae, who had been seniors six hours before, were still singing steadily on their march to the village, where they would serenade Mrs. Durant with voices a little faltering, perhaps, but with hearts more truly touched by gratitude than ever before. Helen turned her face toward the wall, and, with a resolute spirit, fell asleep before she could think whether her tears were glad or sorry.

She awoke suddenly from a confused dream of melody. Her room was full of white moonlight, and from beneath the open window came the sound of her own name chanted in volume by girls' voices.

Soon melody and words became clear. She knew who it was.

"O won't you come down to us, Douglas, Douglas! Douglas, Douglas, faithful and true."

Before Helen could stumble giddily out of bed the voices had taken up the class song. Helen herself had written it when they were all noisy freshmen. "A poor thing, but mine own," she said aloud, and laughed happily as she reached for her senior gown. She must have her cap too. She remembered seeing the nurse push it into a drawer. She groped her way to the bureau; and there in the moonlight she soberly adjusted the cap over the braids that were hastily pinned up. Her heart beat faster, and her fingers trembled as she flung the tassel from its accustomed place to the right side front. All the old senior caps below must be wearing the alumna tassel to night.

In a moment she was at the window. Between the silvered oak branches gleamed the quiet lake; and down there on the gray grass, with the moonlight streaming

on their upturned faces, stood her black-garbed classmates. As the rollicking strains of the song died away, Helen leaned far out. Before they saw her, her single voice began the class cheer. They let her finish it.

"Rah! Rah! nine-*tee*
N–i–n–e!
Ninety-nine! *Ninety*-nine! *Wellesley!*
Ninety-*nine!* Ninety-*nine!* Ninety-*nine!*"

She tried hard to make it strong and glad, but the last weak cry sounded like a wail. Same of the girls below were choking, too; yet they snatched the cry from her lips and repeated it hoarsely with her name at the end. The black and white figure in the window made no response.

"Hello, Douglas, got your sheepskin?" called one.

"Yes, sah," came the answer. "I done ketched de ole sheep like a bull by de horns."

"I reckon dat's so, honey," replied a voice. "We took ours like 'twas a roast lamb."

"All right to-night, Nell?" called another.

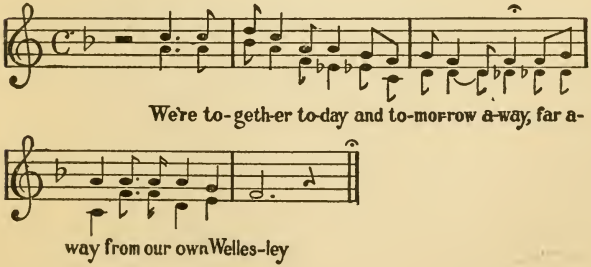
"'Course I am."

"Then go to bed like a good girl. Sorry we woke you up — but we won't do it again. It's two o'clock."

"Good-night, Douglas," "Good-night, Nell," "Good-night, Sir Toby."

"Good-night! Good-night, '99!" called the girl's clear voice.

She watched them vanish round the corner, unmindful of the hand-clapping that sounded from shadowy windows all over the great building. And after Helen crept happily back into bed she still heard their voices, — strong, firm, joyous in the thought of four swift years gone; not over sad at the thought of dispersion. The night rang with the familiar, haunting strains that Wellesley girls have always sung in the sad, glad month of June.



INITIATED INTO LOVE

Initiated Into Love

"MY dear girl, you may stake your oath there's a joke hidden somewhere about that letter."

"But it sounds natural enough,—just like any of Henry's notes. The only odd thing about it is his asking permission to bring another man. At home he always tries to make things unpleasant for any other man I happen to be with."

The speaker smiled and bit her lip. "I wish people wouldn't take so much for granted," she said.

"If you make another irrelevant remark like that I shall begin to think you are falling in love with Henry Nettleton."

"I'm not in love with him! You know I'm not, Constance." She rose from her place at the writing table and perched herself on the arm of her friend's chair. "I just like him ever so much, that's all. I've

known him always, and somehow people always think—but it isn't so! You know it isn't, Constance." She put her arm about her friend, and kissed her forehead.

"I know the fair Pauline doesn't know her own mind just at present." Constance looked with proud eyes at the handsome friend for whose impulsive heart and sane head she had no lasting fear. "Let's go over it again," she continued. "You see those two words 'fraternity' and 'initiated' make me suspicious."

Two heads bent together over the small sheet that bore the Greek letters of a well known fraternity.

"I want you to meet a good friend of mine—Paul Sturm. You will have to treat him well because he is a German; you always liked them. I never could be one. Sturm is one of our men, or will be when he is fairly initiated. A fine fellow, but a little embarassed in the company of ladies. You will readily put him at his ease, unless you turn his head, poor fellow. We should like to come out sometime within a week. When may I bring him?"

Constance held to her theory. "No fraternity man ever went off with an initiate unless he had some deadly scheme on foot. They make such idiots of themselves over their childish initiation!"

"His scheme can't be very deadly if he means to do nothing more than introduce the man to us. Do you suppose this is just a ruse to get Sturm started? He's got a good name. I'm glad he's German."

"Some red-cheeked boy, I suppose, and I shall have to take care of him."

"Let's keep them a whole evening! Then they can't do anything dreadful. I know what we'll do, Con, we'll have them out for the ice carnival! And if Hal Nettleton is merely making us a means to some dark end, I'll never forgive him."

"Ask them out for the carnival, if you like," sighed Constance. "But they'll have all night left for wickedness after we're tucked into bed."

"I'll write to Henry this minute."

She took from a drawer some note paper bearing the Phi Sigma crest, and wrote rapidly.

"I shouldn't mind skating with Henry Nettleton," Constance said plaintively, "there's some variety in him. But the red-cheeked boy will fall to my lot, and I'd rather skate with you."

"Thanks!" from Pauline, still scratching her pen over the paper. "I'm telling Henry to be here at Norumbega at half after seven. Then we'll take them down to the house and give them something hot before going on the ice."

"Chill thoroughly before setting on ice," remarked Constance reminiscently, "it's less expensive for Phi Sigma. Hot things cost a lot. Now I shall dig Greek till 11.45. Going over this morning?"

"Yes, mathematics."

"All right. I'll be ready."

Pauline, left alone, hastily finished her note and tossed it aside. She found it hard to return to her interrupted problems in mathematical astronomy. She walked uneasily about the room. She straightened her rug; she sprinkled her fern; she stood drumming at the window pane of number

ten Norumbega, and looked at the hard patches of ice on the bare, rough ground. A line of noisy girls hurrying down the hill from the Art Building sent her back to her books with a sudden determined setting of the firm sweet mouth and chin.

Five minutes later Pauline carried her book to her friend's room.

"I think I shall study better if I work with you," she said.

"All right," responded Constance, glancing up from her book, "but I can't accommodate you with conversation. I'll just get you started. Let me see your book. Which problem is it?"

They laughed merrily at this, as they always did when Constance, who had joyfully ignored mathematics since freshmen required work, pretended to help Pauline with her favorite senior elective.

"That eighteenth is a hard one," Constance was saying, "just the kind you like to do. You have to draw something for it. Now go ahead, and tell me when you have solved it. I'm going to time you."

She laid her watch on the desk, and was soon scowling over her Greek, while Pauline's clever pencil waltzed through the mysterious equations that she loved. The freshmen who admired her, who were the privileged recipients of her sweet graciousness and bonhomie, were awed and puzzled to learn that Pauline Foster was the best student of mathematics in the college. Pauline, herself, laughed about her queer taste, but did not waver in her loyalty to it. Perhaps Constance understood better than any one else the sense of beauty and security which her friend found in her work. The magnitude of the conceptions that gleamed across her mind, the perpetual rhythm that beat and flashed in the theorems or under her magic pencil strengthened a naturally robust imagination. On the other hand, a sense of form, of law, of basic and eternal truth, however unknowable that truth might be, had stimulated her, had given to her thought a poise and directness which had saved her, through several courses in philosophy, from the

dismal swamp of despair. Throughout their study in Greek and German philosophy, which they had shared, study in which they, as undergraduates, could not hope to get beyond the borderland of doubt and perplexing contradiction, the two friends had wrangled amicably over the respective merits of Greek perfectness and the more modern philosophical infinity. And for Pauline, philosophical infinity blended with mathematical infinity into an inspiring of somewhat vague symbolism. They argued and wondered about these ideas in their long walks together, or they romped like happy children over hills and meadows, rejoicing in the brief respites from work and social responsibility. Constance Fuller, more reserved, more independent of the strained and crowded life about her, cared less for the hilarity of fudge and tea parties. She was, moreover, of a certain satiric and epigrammatic turn of mind which sometimes, while they laughed, seemed to her comrades to outweigh the strength and charm of her personality.

Even with her most intimate friend her frank spirit was delicately checked by a reserve which yielded only in rare moments of tenderness to a sweet act or word that Pauline treasured happily. Pauline's impulsive, merry nature demanded comradeship of all sorts. Her popularity and ready sympathy, which together had won for her the prized but arduous office of president of the Barnswallows' social club, including nine-tenths of the people in college, brought her also many conflicting social opportunities. She was famous for plotting sport of all kinds; and her outside friends to be entertained were almost as numerous as those within the college.

Among these outside acquaintances Henry Nettleton had long been her favorite, and always a ready companion. She knew their friends expected them to become engaged, yet she had never given the idea serious attention. She was so familiar with his love of fun that she looked forward with a touch of suspicion and with some curiosity to his carnival visit. Constance

alternately smiled and sighed at thought of the red-cheeked initiate. Both girls were astonished to meet, instead, a stalwart man, with a strong, straight-featured face and steady gray eyes. His hair bristled a little, his well-grown moustache bristled, too, and he seated himself as if conscious of a clumsiness which he was in reality far from showing. His huge dimensions and momentary uneasiness emphasized the conventional form and manner of the slender, elegant and confident Nettleton. Pauline thought she had never seen her friend look so young or so dapper. He had done hardly more than introduce Mr. Sturm as his classmate when their entertainers hurried them out into the clear night, and over the frozen ground toward the society houses nearest the lake. Their acknowledged goal offered opportunity for reference to societies which Pauline, with a look askance at Mr. Sturm, beside her, was quick to seize.

"Our societies are so unlike yours, you know. We have fewer awful secrets, and

only the ghost of a goat, so we are glad to open our houses for general hospitality. All the houses are to be open tonight for the members and their friends; there will be sociability and hot things."

"And you have no secrets? I have heard that women rarely have them."

"I know men are educated to that belief. Yes, we have a few. There is some business that Miss Fuller and I never talk about. We are not in the same society, you know."

Mr. Sturm seemed to have little to say about societies, but he was politely interested.

"She is a Zeta Alpha girl, so of course we are deadly rivals in theory, although we are such good friends — like the twin societies themselves."

"But when you desire to rush the same person?"

"Hush! You must not use that word. We never speak of rushing — except when we denounce the action of a girl in another society."

"I beg your pardon. I must have stumbled on one of those secrets you keep so well."

"This happens to be an open one. As a matter of fact Constance Fuller and I do not quarrel very seriously over such things. The time when I most keenly regretted her membership in another society was the week before my initiation." Pauline looked at her companion when she spoke the word. "She had just been initiated herself, and she was the bane of my life with her bug-a-boo tales. She stiffened me with fright. I was as white as my gown."

"Was the ordeal very trying?" Mr. Sturm's voice was sympathetic.

"I thought so then. I don't think so now when others go through the same experience. But of course we don't behave as you men do—like grammar school infants."

"We are a set of idiots." Mr. Sturm's voice vibrated with sudden energy. "I suppose brute force compels us to behave

as we do. You may not know, Miss Foster," he continued hurriedly, "that I am about to be initiated into Nettleton's fraternity. No doubt I shall behave worse than any one ever did before. If you—if you hear of my doing any atrocious deed that a gentleman is supposed not to do—perhaps you will kindly remember what I have said."

Mr. Sturm was taking great strides now, and he was speaking between his teeth. Pauline regarded him in astonishment.

"I am sure there will be no need of remembering, Mr. Sturm," she said. "You are Mr. Nettleton's friend, and I should think he would not be likely to require any dastardly deed."

Her companion swung back without reply. They were close upon the door of the gaily lighted little house where Pauline turned to wait for their companions, and then led them in to the warmth of a crackling fire. A few moments later, after presentation to chaperone and society president, the four were comfortably seated,

with bouillon and sandwiches. Henry Nettleton, handsome, charming, adroit in conversation, led the talk. Miss Foster buoyantly challenged his lead, and Miss Fuller's barbed generalities made their wits wary. Sturm remained stubbornly silent. They spoke of co-education, and of college lovers lightly, slightingly. Pauline expressed the conviction that it was impossible to manage college and a love affair at the same time; she had seen friends fail in the attempt. Nettleton thought a love affair, as long as it was not regarded tragically, added zest to any occupation. He threw at Pauline a gallant look with which she was perfectly familiar. An "understanding," he said, if not a positive engagement, was necessary to your happiness while you were young and eager.

"I don't agree with you," returned Pauline, "but I can't prove you wrong till I have tried both ways."

"Sturm has opinions about these things," said Nettleton. He looked laughingly at Sturm and lifted his eyebrows meaningly.

"Come Sturm, tell us those ideas of yours. Miss Foster needs convincing."

Mr. Sturm reddened all over his big face. He opened his mouth but he did not speak.

"If the subject is personal we will not ask Mr. Sturm to give us his confidence," said Pauline. "Constance shall tell us her views. She has evolved them from the Greek."

Nettleton lightly snapped his fingers.

"Miss Foster," began Sturm. He looked very much in earnest and exceedingly uncomfortable. "There is something personal which I might say, and I understand that I shall have no opportunity to say it in private"—

He hesitated. Pauline was too surprised to speak; Constance Fuller looked amused; Nettleton was anxiously watching Sturm. "Pardon me, Miss Foster—but I must tell you that, that I honor you above all other women in the world—that I should like nothing better than to make you happy."

He felt that he was not getting on.

Miss Foster gazed at him with reproach in her deep eyes. There was another faint sound from Nettleton's fingers. Sturm dropped upon one knee. He was now desperately in earnest. He could not look into her crimsoning face, so he bent over the slender hand which he timidly touched with his great fingers.

"Miss Foster," he began again, "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I offer you my hand, I offer you myself. Will you take what I offer?"

"Bravo!" cried Nettleton. "Get up, Sturm! On my soul, you did that rather too well."

Sturm rose to his feet. He saw Miss Foster's face white with anger. Within himself he swore a mighty oath. He bowed to his hostess and walked out of the room, past the few wondering onlookers. Before Nettleton, laughingly stepping forward, could detain the giant, Pauline faced him.

"I shall never forgive you for this! Don't speak to him! I'll do it myself."

She hurried across the room. "Mr. Sturm!" she called. She saw him turn on the steps at the sound of her voice. "Mr. Sturm," she said in the doorway, "don't you think it would be more courteous to wait for an answer?"

He was bewildered but grateful. "I don't deserve to hear you speak to me again," he said.

"That may be true," she said, "but your lady is merciful. Besides, she is revengeful. Mr. Nettleton shall be punished. Would you mind carrying out the joke a little further? Please escort me back, and pretend you are my fiancé."

Light dawned on Mr. Sturm's clearing brow. He looked a little grim but not displeased as he offered his arm. Pauline was merry again when they returned.

"You see I preferred giving my answer, at least, in private," she said, "but I may as well tell you at once, since you both heard his question, that I have accepted Mr. Sturm."

Miss Fuller looked into her friend's face

and saw something there that pleased her.

"I am glad you hadn't the heart to refuse so true a gentleman," she said, as she gave him her hand, "Mr. Strum, I am happy to congratulate you."

Her unexpected formality and acquiescence staggered Nettleton.

"Come, now, Pauline, the joke is over. You're altogether too easy on our initiate. And all's fair you know—in love."

"I suppose that is why I find it so easy to forgive Mr. Sturm for his public declaration."

"You're not going to carry this pretence through the evening are you?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by pretence. You don't suppose I could willingly become engaged for only one evening, do you? You said an engagement was necessary to entire content. Mr. Sturm and I are going to test your theorem." She flashed a radiant smile at Sturm, who began to feel more giddy and confused than before. "Have you my skates, too?" she asked him sweetly. "We are losing time here."

Pauline's good spirits mounted momentarily higher. Nettleton was no longer the leader in conversation. She rallied him on his silence as they walked along the dark path toward the sound of laughter and the chime of skates. At the edge of the lake Nettleton, while he strapped on Miss Fuller's skates, savagely determined to find consolation with this unexpected partner. He had known Pauline's friend nearly three years, but had never considered the possibility of enjoying her society alone for half an hour.

He found it invigorating. She was impatient of complimentary personalities, and accepted with cynical indifference the flattery which he was in the habit of doling out to the young women he knew; yet there was about her a piquancy, a quick wit, a familiarity with many phases of life, which gave her talk the charm of individuality. She was, moreover, a good skater. Nettleton's appreciation of this fact, together with his own joy in the long, swift motion over perfect ice to the strains

of wind instruments that floated after them across the lake, soon restored his normal complacency. And indeed the prevailing spirit of jollity was contagious. The very air was enough to intoxicate the twelve or fifteen hundred merry skaters undaunted by clear zero weather. The cold moon in the cold sky was put to shame by pyramids of flame that leaped into the still air from near and remote borders. The wide, dim spaces of the lake were sprinkled with Japanese lanterns borne by invisible skaters, and red lights blazing suddenly in unexpected places made larger patches of brilliance.

Sturm was dazzled. He had never seen a Wellesley festival before, and he did not know how effectively a crowd of girls could entertain on a large scale. He believed that he disliked the society of girls, yet he found himself bewildered, fascinated, by the laughing, happy throng, most of all by the charm of his companion's ready talk. She told him many things, for, as she had laughingly said, people who were

engaged ought to know about each other's affairs. He did not guess to what extent her confidences were given for the sake of making him feel at ease. Pauline told him about the college life among girls poor and rich, clever, stupid, commonplace, refined and unrefined. She told him a little about herself; of her German grandfather buried alive in a German university, of her German mother who had died when she was a little girl, of her clever, versatile American father who had followed his wife in a few years; she spoke of her life in the middle west with an aunt, of a summer in Germany, but most lovingly of her years at college and, especially, of her friend, Constance Fuller. "You see she is a whole family rolled into one person."

"An enviable position," commented Sturm.

"I'm afraid poor Constance doesn't always think so. Now, tell me. Have you a friend like that?"

"Not exactly. I entered Harvard as a junior, and you know I am a foreigner, too,

even after ten years. But I know a good many men well. I'm good friends with Nettleton. He is so much more—more delicate than I, that I admire him very much. I was never angry with him till tonight."

"Can't you tell me more about it?"

"No more than you know. The fraternity men ordered me to do it. Nettleton arranged it and told me to speak when he signalled. I wish I had throttled him!"

"O, it doesn't matter. We shall get on very well, for a time, with a mock engagement."

"I should have refused to do it if I hadn't been a fool! But when he told me about it I—I had no idea you were so beautiful."

They had stopped before a huge bonfire. The girl pulled off her heavy gloves to warm her hands. Paul Sturm had never seen anything so fair as the gracious face that gleamed between the dark fur of her cap and the dark fur of her high coat collar, as the firelight wrapped her lithe form

in its wavering brightness. They were silent an instant there by the fire. Pauline could find no mocking answer for the hearty admiration she heard in his voice. The next moment she had seated herself on a tiny pier and was asking him to take off her skates. She was sure it was more than time for coffee and Constance and Henry at the Zeta Alpha house; and she led him swiftly along the slippery, unfamiliar path to the hospitable door.

When they said good-night, Sturm found himself less chagrined than he had anticipated, although he was conscious that the ease with which he had come through his first ordeal of initiation was the result of Miss Foster's tact and of her retributive purpose. Henry Nettleton had derived less satisfaction from his evening of sport; yet he had too much native gallantry to show that he was long disconcerted by the unexpected turn Pauline had given to his scheme. He had foreseen her indignation, he had reckoned, also, on her ability to grasp the idea that it was all a joke; but

he had been so in the habit of appropriating her attention that the possibility of any other event but Sturm's speedy and lasting discomfiture had not entered his mind. And now Sturm was almost complacent, after an evening in a woman's company! Nettleton's only source of congratulation was the fact that the incident was closed; for, however vindictive Pauline might be, Sturm would never have the moral courage to follow up his chance, even if he should have, what none of his friends could imagine him to have, a desire to leave his pipe and his philosophy and his bachelor's haunts, for a girl's company. Nettleton was accordingly the more surprised, when he called at Norumbega the following week, to find Pauline gaily entertaining Sturm, apparently very much at home. He was greeted by both with perfect friendliness; yet he somehow found difficulty in gaining the lead in the bantering talk that always passed pleasantly, often familiarly, between himself and Pauline. Sturm talked; for some unac-

countable reason Sturm talked persistently, and he talked well. Nettleton had never seen him so much at ease without his pipe. The hour passed quickly, without awkwardness in the three-cornered conversation, although Nettleton was somewhat disappointed to learn that Miss Fuller was not at home. Her presence would have given him better opportunity for retaliation. When they left together both men were urged to come again, and both politely responded to the invitation. A month later, when the trio met a second time at Norumbega, each was ignorant of the fact that the other had called in the meantime. Nettleton had not thought it necessary to explain to his friend that he had called one afternoon and had found Miss Fuller alone, who told him that Pauline had taken advantage of the good sleighing. And Sturm had found it easier to say nothing of his sleigh ride with Miss Foster.

Constance, all this time, had been regarding her friend's diplomacy with an amusement which gradually gave place to uneasi-

ness as she thought she saw the diplomacy growing into a simple impulsive preference for Mr. Sturm's companionship. She did not think Henry Nettleton was likely to be hurt beyond recovery, but she had hoped, a little wistfully and a little selfishly, that Pauline would remain free from such entanglements for at least a year or two after they should leave college together. She found Pauline exasperatingly determined not to consider anything seriously. She had always liked Henry, she said, and she had always known that they couldn't be really in love with each other; she thought he was coming to the same conclusion. As for Paul Sturm, why of course she liked him immensely. Their little joke had ended by making them excellent friends.

"I suppose you are still engaged?"

"Oh, yes, nominally."

"That means to the extent that you call each other by your first names?"

"How absurd you can be, Constance! I actually believe you are jealous. Of course we don't! You know as well as I

do that Paul Sturm is too true a gentleman to take advantage, even by a hint, of my little joke."

"I should think such a joke might get to be something of a bore."

"Oh, we don't speak of it often. We just agreed to keep up the game till Memorial Day."

As the winter melted away Pauline with all her senior responsibilities, occasionally found time for walks and out-of-door reading with her new friend. It was true that their intercourse was always simple friendliness.

"You see he enjoys my mind," she said to Constance, with a pretty conceit. "He never knew a handsome girl before who liked books. I made him read some Sudermann and Hauptmann things, and he tries to convert me to all sorts of heresies. He even tries to talk Nietzsche to me."

"Oh, I have heard of such intellectual friendships before," Constance would say. "I have experienced one or two, and I know they're dangerous. And when you

laugh about your engagement, you are trifling over a serious matter."

"Not serious, Constance. I wish you wouldn't look at it so tragically. As long as we both regard it as a joke aimed against Henry, it can't be serious for us. I'm just testing Henry's theory about the possibility of college and an engagement at the same time."

"You are ignoring fundamental and sacred relations," continued her mentor. "An evening's joke was no harm, but to carry it on for four months with as simple hearted a man as Paul Sturm, is all wrong."

"He doesn't care a whit more for me than I do for him. He lost his head for half a minute that first night, but since then he has never so much as paid me a compliment." She sighed as she spoke, and then blushed at the sigh, and then laughed at the blush, and then threw her arms about her friend's neck.

"I will be good," she said, "and you must keep me happy, dear."

To keep Pauline happy was Constance

Fuller's chief care; and it was not now so easy a task as formerly. About the time of the spring vacation Paul Sturm's calls, and his parcels of books were less frequent interruptions to the spring rehearsals and receptions and committee meetings. Pauline indulged in moments of dreamy idleness which always ended in a feverish enthusiasm for higher mathematics. Mr. Nettleton's card presented at her door with persistent regularity once in two weeks, always summoned a frown, although he usually had the grace to call for Miss Fuller, too. Nettleton was continually making discoveries about Constance Fuller. She interested him. But this interest was subordinated to his consciousness of growing irritation at Pauline's manner toward him. She invariably met him with merry indifference that piqued him, as he eyed askance the quaint old-fashioned ring he had never seen her wear until this winter. He could not understand her willingness to carry out such an absurd joke with a big lumbering fellow like Sturm.

"Girls always like brawn," he reminded himself as he savagely clenched his small white hand. It was impossible to discuss Sturm with her; it was equally impossible to talk of her with Sturm.

In all his experience Nettleton had never known a woman to enjoy the society of a man like Sturm, who was plainly a man's man. Nettleton had liked him honestly; he admired his vigorous physique, he respected his giant's mind, he believed in his big, warm heart. He had worked hard to get Paul into his fraternity, and he had relied upon Paul's sane judgment in more than one scrape. The two men had been strongly attracted to each other. Now, both were disturbed by the consciousness of a subject which concerned them both nearly, and about which neither would speak. When Sturm plainly began to avoid him, Nettleton, half convinced that Pauline could not deliberately encourage Sturm, however she might pretend to carry out her joke to his own annoyance, determined to have it out with his friend.

"Sturm, I'm not going to dodge this subject any longer." He spoke abruptly on entering his friend's quarters. "You are avoiding me on Pauline's account. Is it because you think she—likes you, or because she doesn't?"

Sturm set his unlighted pipe firmly between his teeth and struck a match. He did not speak till the smoke was curling above his head.

"She doesn't care for me," he said. He spoke with such conviction that Nettleton could not doubt his statement.

"How do you know?"

"Because she is too—too friendly."

"O lord, man! Is that all you know? She's friendly with every one."

"Then the same thing is true of every one else, and she cares for no one."

Nettleton wriggled out of his chair and began pacing the floor.

"She hasn't been any too friendly with me though, this winter." There was a suspicion of hope in his voice.

"Do you think she cares for you, Hal?"

"I wish to heaven I knew!"

"Ask her." Sturm's face was white and set.

"Ask her? How can I ask her when she would only throw this ridiculous engagement of yours into my face!"

Henry was not so exasperated that he could not see the look in his friend's eyes. "I beg your pardon, Sturm," he added, "but can't you see what an absurd farce it all is?"

"What do you want, boy?" Sturm spoke wearily and gently. "Tell me the truth. Do you want to marry Pauline Foster?" His voice thickened over the name. The question revealed to Henry, Sturm's real feeling.

"Paul, I didn't know you cared so much."

"Yes," continued Henry, after a pause, I believe I do want to marry. I have always expected to marry her sometime, and this winter I suppose her indifference has gone to my head. I can't give it up now."

There was no reply to this.

"Tell you what I think, Paul. We have the bad luck to like the same girl; but I say we can behave as friends ought to behave, and each take his own chance. What do you say?"

"I'll break that cursed engagement to-morrow."

"What?"

"The engagement. She wanted to pretend till Memorial Day, she said. I can't bear the wretched farce any longer. She doesn't know what she's playing with."

"Do you suppose she would have pretended if she had liked you, Sturm?"

"No!" savagely.

"Then perhaps she pretended because she liked me. I was such a damned fool to plan the thing!"

"You were. Better go and see her, Hal. I'll write to her to-night."

"And if she says—"

"I shan't give her a chance to say anything."

"Just smash it?"

"Yes."

For an instant Nettleton caught a glimpse of the stronger passion of the man before him.

"You're a good fellow, Sturm," he said, and put out his hand. "I'm confoundedly sorry I was such an ass last winter."

Sturm hesitated, but finally took the hand.

"I'll let you know when it's over," ended Nettleton.

"For God's sake stop talking!"

Sturm turned away and his guest went out.

"My dear Miss Foster:" wrote Paul Sturm, in a mighty passion of resentment, yearning, and fierce restraint.

"*My dear Miss Foster:*—

Although I can never desire to withdraw anything I said to you at our first meeting, I now believe it to be unjust to you, to your friend, and to myself, that I should longer take advantage of the privilege which you then gave me in jest. I therefore release you from any further pretence at an engagement with me.

I trust we are now sufficiently good friends to need no such mockery as a pretext for the com-

panionship which, I assure you, has been a source of happiness to me since the moment I first met you. Sincerely yours,

PAUL STURM."

It was a dismal letter. It was ridiculously formal, and utterly incomprehensible, he told himself, to an impulsive, open-minded woman such as he believed Pauline to be. "Pauline!" His own name made exquisite for her. His man's heart brimmed with tenderness. His longing cried out to her; he could see the gleaming brow and chin; he saw the flashing lips; he heard the voice glide swiftly, lingeringly, over the words they uttered. And for all his longing he loved the very remoteness that she wore about her like a mantle. He had never seen her give sign of personal feeling for anyone except Miss Fuller. He believed she did not care for anyone else; not even for Nettleton. He had hardly dared to wonder whether she might learn to care.

The letter bewildered Pauline quite as much as Sturm had foreseen; it angered her somewhat less; it pained her infinitely

more. He might have grown weary of her foolish little joke; she was growing weary of it herself, yet she clung to it comfortably, for she did not wish to lose his companionship. She had not seen him for over two weeks; and now he wrote, three weeks before the time she had set, and "released" her. The word was humiliating. She had intended to release him, with laughing formality; and all the time she had stood with awe before the bright haze of her own thought—he might not be willing to be released. But he was willing. She burned with shame at the memory of the dim thought she had cherished. He was not only willing but anxious. He should see that they were "sufficiently good friends" to remain equally indifferent as to the outcome of the joke. She wanted Constance, yet she was glad to be alone during the few days of her friend's absence with cousins who had come on from the West. For three days she worked with energy and with more than her customary brilliant daring

at problems in higher mathematics; she attended committee meetings and Tree Day rehearsals, for she was to be Mistress of Ceremonies; she puzzled over desirable candidates for next year's Barnswallow offices. At night she went wearily to bed and wondered why she cared.

The following Monday afternoon when Constance, glad to be in her own room again, was comfortably reading her letters before the dinner gong should ring, Pauline came to her. She came without knocking, and without speaking. She came and knelt in a little heap on the floor, and buried her hot face in her friend's lap. Constance noted the absence of the old ring that Pauline had merrily taken from a worn case after the carnival, and had mockingly called her engagement ring.

"O, Constance, let me tell you. Let me tell you."

Constance's hand rested on the brown head.

"You have had a caller," she said. "I heard your voice in the reception room. Was it Paul?"

"No! It was Henry. And he was so good!"

She looked up suddenly.

"Constance, he asked me to marry him!"

The head went down again; but it soon resumed its natural proud poise as the silence lengthened. Her eyes searched her friend's face.

"I hope you didn't find any great difficulty in answering him. Wherein does his goodness consist?"

"I told him—you know what I told him; but—but you don't know what he told me. O, Constance, I love you. I want to tell you about it."

"Yes, dear, tell me. You refused Henry. What then? Was he hurt or angry?"

"I don't know. Both. I guess he was more disappointed than anything. He seemed pretty determined, for a while. And then, suddenly, he knew— But you must read the letter first."

She took from her pocket Paul's letter, a crumpled letter, and placed it in her friend's hand.

The dinner gong sounded while Constance read, but neither noticed it.

"When did you get this?"

"O, I don't know. A very long while ago."

The weary tone brought tears to Constance's eyes. She touched the finger where the ring had been.

"Yes, that's why." Pauline tried to smile. "Isn't it foolish! My engagement is broken, you know."

Constance folded her arms close about her friend.

"You still have something to tell me."

"Yes, dear. How do you suppose Henry knew? He said I had too many friends. He said he didn't think I could care much for anyone. And then he said something about my farcical engagement with—with Paul. And then I got very angry and told him he had no right to mention Mr. Sturm in such a connection. Then, then he asked me if I liked Paul, and I couldn't say anything for a minute. O, Constance, dearest, I'm so ashamed and so glad!"

"Not ashamed, just pure glad, I think."

"Do you think so? Do you know the rest? Do you know what Henry told me? He was so good! He likes Paul."

"He told you why Paul wrote the letter."

"Yes."

"It was to give him a chance?"

"Yes, partly that, and because—'Sturm is too fine a fellow, and too good a lover to stand such a farce.' That's what he said."

Pauline's face was hidden again for an instant.

"I wonder whether it's true," she whispered.

"We shall know soon enough, dear."

A little strain in the tone made Pauline look into the face bending over her.

"I have been taking comfort and giving pain," she said quickly. "Constance, you mustn't mind. Think how you are father and mother and sister and dearest friend. Think how I love to come to you now with my secret. I came straight. You know I like you better than anybody. I will always like you."

"I know. It's all right dear, after just a minute. You shall always like me. See! I twist my little verb to match the twist in yours. Shall and will mean just the same. Now get up. We've been sentimental for half an hour!"

Pauline got up dutifully.

"We'll have a chafing-dish dinner," said Constance. I left a can of chicken when I went away, and I brought some strawberries and cream from the village. You'll have to go foraging for some crackers and salt, and tea, and sugar, and anything else you see, but especially bread and butter."

They grew genuinely merry over their hot creamed chicken, and when the suspicious fragrance crept out into the hall, they threw open the door, in willing though forced hospitality, and fed a dozen guests as fast as Constance, in short skirt and long gingham apron, could prepare the viands.

"You are all recently fed, and you're robbing us of our dinner. Eat, if you can enjoy it.'

"Thanks! We are eating—when there is any."

For a while after the confession the two girls were glad in their hearts, although their thoughts were touched with solemnity. Pauline had written a brief acquiescent response to Paul's note. Since then the subject had not been approached by either. The day before Memorial Day came a note from Sturm saying that he would like to call.

"Not to-morrow!" exclaimed Pauline. "I can't have him on that day. I can't ever see him again, anyway. You must never let me see him any more."

"All right. I'll remember."

But Memorial Day hurried by, and Mr. Sturm had not appeared.

The next morning's mail brought a hasty note from Nettleton.

"*Dear Pauline*," it ran. "I think you ought to know that Sturm has been hurt. It was in a trolley-car accident yesterday. No broken bones, but he was badly stunned. He is now in the —— Street hospital, still unconscious, and the doctors can't tell whether he'll come out of it.

Forgive me for writing, like a brute. I thought you might have been expecting him, for he said he was going to see you. I stopped him at the Square and asked him. I hadn't seen him before, since I was last at Wellesley. The fellows are good to him, but of course we can't do anything and his people are all in Germany. I'll let you know when he's better.

Always faithfully yours,
HENRY SCOTT NETTLETON."

Pauline handed the letter to Constance just before nine o'clock, while the great college building rumbled with voices and hurried steps. Pauline's face was drawn with fear.

"I'm going to the hospital."

"Wait till you hear again."

"No, I'm going now, at 9.56."

"Then I'll go with you."

At Norumbega they hastily tossed some articles into a travelling bag. On the train they agreed that Constance should send word to her aunt in Roxbury that they might be with her that night.

"But how will you gain admission to him? You are not a relative, and you are

unchaperoned. It's impossible and unconventional."

"I don't care if it's both. I shall see him." She showed the old ring in its place. "I am his fiancé," she said. Her friend looked doubtful. "Constance," she insisted, "it is right. It is not—unmaidenly now. Is it? You know it's not. He is alone. No one belongs to him. He may be—getting worse. Perhaps I can—anyway I must see him. I must. I know he would want me."

The pale face flushed divinely. There had been no tears. Constance was satisfied, and led her to the hospital. No visitors were to be admitted to Mr. Sturm, they were told. Constance asked for the doctors; they were busy: for the superintendent; he would be at liberty at noon. She asked for Mr. Nettleton; he had been admitted by special arrangement and would be sent for. He came without surprise, and with a face more gravely serious than Pauline had ever seen before.

"Can I see him?" she said at once.

"Nobody sees him. He is still in that heavy stupor."

"I must see him."

"As a relative? The rules are strict."

"No, not exactly. Why not as his fiancee? The game may serve its purpose after all." She tried to speak lightly.

Harry Nettleton's face clouded.

"It is a good plan," he said, "and it may work."

He led her away from Constance, and spoke a few words to an official who provided an escort. Constance followed with her eyes and tried to summon a power by which she might see through doors and blank walls. She would have seen Pauline unflinchingly claim her right to look upon the sick man. She would have seen Nettleton stand courteously aside at the opened door. There was slight sign of improvement, the nurse said. He might become conscious at any moment, and he might never become conscious at all. They could do nothing but wait. Pauline imperiously indicated her wish to be alone. "I will call you if he stirs," she said.

The door closed, and she was left alone with the motionless form on the little bed. She stepped softly forward and halted, awed. Then she knelt swiftly and buried her face. She shook with the tumult in her heart. His great forehead was so white; his eyelids were so large and white; the big hand dropped helpless on the coverlet was so impotent! She timidly touched the hand with her fingers. It yielded lifelessly to her touch. She pressed her warm cheek against it.

"Paul," she whispered, "Paul, wake up and get well. I am here." And then, "He won't wake up," she moaned; "he will die and we love each other."

She let her fingers rest upon his eyes, glide over his forehead, and wander through his hair. And all the while she talked sweetly to him.

"Paul, listen. You must wake up and look upon me. You must not die. We are both so young. You are only twenty-five, dear Paul, and that's much, much older than I. It is Pauline here talking

to you. Aren't you glad Pauline is here, Paul?"

She hardly thought to end her chatter happily, yet he was hers now, for the moment. She was not surprised to feel the eyelids quiver under her hand. She drew a deep breath simultaneously with his. Then his eyes looked into her own. Grave, wondering eyes both saw. The girl's grew tender first."

"Never mind, Paul, it's all right now. Don't try to say anything."

He attempted to speak.

"It's all true," she said. "I am here, and this is a hospital, and you are ill. You were hurt yesterday in an accident when you were coming to see me. So I came to see you instead. And you are almost well now, aren't you Paul?"

"Why do you call me Paul?" he whispered.

"I forgot. Henry does it."

"Did he bring you here?"

"Yes. No, I came; but he helped me."

"You came as his—?"

"Hush! Not as his anything. Just to see you."

"Your voice called me."

"Yes, Paul, but now it must let you go to sleep. Oh, I'm so glad. I thought, I thought— I will call the nurse."

"No."

"Yes, I promised."

"Stay here, Pauline."

Her eyes filled with tears at her name in his faint new voice.

"Tell me," he said.

"About what?"

"About Nettleton. He said he wanted to—

"Yes, yes. But he doesn't. He believed me when I told him he didn't want to."

"Did you refuse him?"

"Yes."

"Would you have said the same to me, Pauline?"

"Oh, if I say yes, you will swoon again like an impotent giant, so I suppose I shall have to tell a story."

"Pauline, I was going yesterday to ask you."

"Yes, I know, I know. That's why I came when they told me you were hurt."

"How did you know?"

"Henry told me, after you were hurt."

"Why did you come?"

"I came—I don't know. Because I couldn't help it. But, Paul, you see it was easy to come. Have we not been engaged all winter? I came as your fiancee." She drew the old ring from her finger. "And that ends the game," she finished, with an attempt at lightness.

He was looking at her with burning eyes.

"Pauline, tell me."

"O, Paul!" She bent and touched his brow with her lips. "*Ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich,*" she whispered.

His deep voice said the words with hers in response and unison.

"You will be my wife?"

His arm turned her face to his. She looked gravely into his eyes for a moment,

and then, with the old impulse of modesty and joy and courage, hid her face beside his shaggy head.

"*Mein Mann, mein Mann,*" she said, "I want you for my husband."

In a moment she was soothing him again. She made him say over after her the words of his first foolish declaration—"I honor you above all other women in the world."

"Now say 'You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.' Say it!" she demanded, and held her glorious face above him. He said it, hoarsely, triumphantly. She made him slip back to its place on her finger the old-fashioned ring—her German mother's engagement ring to her American father. "And now mine to a big, blundering German," she told him, before she went softly to the door to say that the patient had stirred. She did not know the nurse had looked in and gone out again.

"I tried not to excite him," she ventured, "but he talked a little."

The nurse smiled. "Perhaps it has done

him good," she suggested. "His health is perfect, and if he doesn't sink back into the stupor he will soon be strong again."

Nettleton stepped forward from somewhere and took her hand.

"I always knew you were the finest woman in the world, Pauline, but I never knew how brave you were until today. And, Pauline, you haven't done it as I expected you would, but you've proved my theory."

She smiled radiantly upon him. "Take me to Constance," she said.

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